

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3342.—VOL. CXXII.

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1903.

SIXPENCE.

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A MONARCH'S ENTERTAINMENT TO A GREAT REPUBLICAN: KING EDWARD'S BANQUET TO PRESIDENT LOUBET AT THE EMBASSY, MAY 3.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN PARIS.

His Majesty's place was at the centre of the table which ran along the banquetting-hall. President Loubet sat immediately opposite the King. On the King's right was Madame Loubet, and on the President's right, Lady Monson.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Salutations to the people of Paris for their most hospitable good sense! Having made up their minds to entertain the King, they did it handsomely. They began by shouting "Vive le Roi!" and "Vive l'Angleterre!" a little timidly, no doubt. The sounds were strange in their ears, but soon grew familiar. Our National Anthem, done quite neatly into French—*heureux et glorieux*, and the rest of it, except the "knaveish tricks"—was served up in the newspapers without striking anybody as an exotic. The translator probably reflected that, as Drumont and Rochefort had frustrated their own knaveish tricks so effectually, the line addressed to them became superfluous. Decorations and illuminations cheered the streets, and when M. Drumont clothed his premises in majestic and protesting gloom, Paris laughed at him. All her good-humour, so long absent from some of her later moods, was conjured back again by the King's ease, frankness, and simple pleasure in the beautiful city of which he is a cosmopolitan freeman. No wonder that the President of the Municipal Council hailed him as "an old friend who does not forget, and is not forgotten." No apter and happier phrase ever greeted a royal visitor.

See what an impression is made by a Sovereign who, whether he is consolidating an ancient alliance at Lisbon, or paying friendly calls at Rome and Paris, is tranquil, genial, a perfect master of his *métier*! Some monarchs seem frightened to death by their own importance; others are always thrusting their Divine Right into the smallest details. When the Czar was in Paris he appeared to be thinking that this was the terrible city which had taken off the head of an anointed Bourbon. If the Kaiser could follow King Edward to the Seine, instead of being forced to content himself with the Tiber, he would descend upon the Parisians with the awful condescension of the charioteer of the sun. Can you imagine him remarking to a crowd of desperate Radicals at the Hôtel de Ville that they made him feel at home? It is the King of England who feels at home in such a company, and in whom such a sentiment is the most natural thing in the world. An observant French writer has discovered not only that the English, after all, are human beings, but even that they resemble the French in their love of liberty and the humane arts. Our native fogs unroll for a moment, and reveal us modestly blushing at this tribute. There is, indeed, not a little in common between the two peoples, although they differ so much in temperament. It is the King who has opened the eyes of Parisian science to this hitherto obscure fact in natural history, while Drumont and his friends are ransacking the centuries for our perfidy, and vainly adjuring their countrymen to remember Joan of Arc.

A melancholy person, who calls himself "a retired politician," writes in the *National Review* on the "decay of authority." The authority of the Crown, he is pleased to acknowledge, does not decay. You have clear evidence of that in the King's tour. But in this country "the Crown is pretty much what the nation makes it." If the nation makes the Crown, why should it not be at least equally successful with the much smaller job of giving authority to the newspapers? Alas! it has failed entirely. The newspapers have no moral credit, because some of them "argue, dogmatise, and inveigh" on one side, and some on the other. I fancied this was equally true of politicians, even in retirement, and of human nature at large. No; it is the special characteristic of journalism.

Further, I learn that "when the public are, for a time, pretty nearly all of one mind, their newspapers are knit in a bond of professional brotherhood, whether the theme be policy, literature, or any other." It is sweet to dwell together in brotherly love; but it is strange to be quite unconscious of this blessed state. How is it that the band of brothers can never agree about novelists, even when the public consumes huge editions of them? Why the eternal complaint that dramatic critics hold aloof from the crowd, and that no two of them see alike? As for policy, who discovered that the Bagdad Railway was a trap—the public or the journalists? The public, dear innocents, might have been like the young man in the Arabian story, who was caught up by a djin from his bed in Bagdad, and awoke next morning to find himself in his night attire at the gates of Damascus. The German djin would have played a similar trick on the Government and the nation but for the alertness of the newspapers. Where were the politicians, prominent or retired? Newspapers, says this gentleman, who seems to be smarting from popular ingratitude, have "got to pay," and they do it by watching the wind, and all scudding before it in the same direction. Queer meteorologist, who does not know that there are more winds in journalism, blowing every day in every direction, than ever came out of the cave of Æolus!

Mr. Henley sang to us lately the fierce chant of lawless speed; and here is Mr. E. V. Lucas, in the *Monthly Review*, with a song of "the snail's discreet degrees, a rhapsody of sauntering." This poet has a mild disdain for speed, its savour and its sting, for speed directed by human energy. If it comes to sheer swiftness, "a bee can sport on gauzy wing around the fastest train"; and your seventy-five horse-power motor-car cannot compete with the swallow. But why should any professed lover of Nature yearn to be "a highway meteor"? Why not practise—

The delicate and gentle art
Of never getting there?

But this, I gather from one motor-car expert, is precisely the art which is practised by the deluded followers of another expert. They buy the cars he recommends, and lo! the first expert finds them stuck in the road. Do they sing with Mr. Lucas—

Not dead to all sensations we
Who loiter in the lane?

When petrol fails them, they can study "the secret of the hedge," and listen to the nightingale. Expert number two should seize this argument to turn the tables on his professional brother.

A misanthrope writes to me: "Mr. Henry Norman assures us that the motor-car will make the whole world kin. Sir, this is no satisfaction to me. I have spent my life in escaping from my kindred. A year or two ago I took a house in the country, six miles from a railway-station, and a hundred miles from my nearest relations, who, when they are moved by family affection to visit me, have to make a tiresome journey in at least three trains. They have not made that journey yet. But yesterday I received a letter from them, stating that they proposed to buy a motor-car, which would bring them over to my place to lunch, and take them back in time for dinner (unless I, with my usual generosity, asked them to stay the night), and all for a shilling's-worth of petrol. I have written to say that it will cost a great deal more than a shilling, for they have not reckoned the chauffeur's wages, and the wear and tear of the car, which alone will be ruinous, as the roads in my part of the country are very bad. Moreover, I have warned them that the rural magistrates hereabouts are very fierce, and that the local constabulary have sworn to stop a car travelling at illegal speed, even if they have to throw themselves in front of it, which would bring the stain of blood on our family name. P.S.—Just received a telegram saying my relations have decided to walk, and save the shilling on petrol! This comes of that deplorable exhibition on the Brighton Road!"

This letter betrays a sad lack of public spirit. Unless I mistake the omens of the time, the Stockbrokers' Walk to Brighton marks a turning-point in our history. For years the observers of City life have dwelt upon its physical ills. The national manhood is threatened by degeneracy. In every Briton's chest the spirit of the race mounts high; but the chest is not always worthy of the tenant. The stockbroker who could not slap his chest and exclaim with Fred Bayham—"Manly, Sir, manly!" felt abashed. Such a reproach could no longer be suffered; and so a procession of City gentlemen set off for Brighton in the rain, throwing out their chests all the way. This example has stirred ambition all over the country. High-roads are dotted with the expanding chests of merchant princes, resolved to recover the thews and sinews of their ancestors. Is not this a more inspiring sight than the motor-car at the top of its speed? These marching citizens, moreover, may acquire a useful knowledge of topography. They may be able to give useful hints to the Intelligence Department in case an invader should land suddenly on the east coast, and the maps of Yorkshire should be unaccountably missing at the War Office!

A genius in the *Fortnightly Review* has imagined a landing of the French in the Humber from a fleet executing manœuvres in the North Sea. The French Government would give us due notice of the manœuvres, and even invite British officers to witness them. Then, without the slightest warning, troops would be landed in barges, which had been carefully rehearsed on the Loire. To prepare France for this marvellous stroke the Republic would be overturned, the Napoleonic dynasty restored, and the Kaiser lost in a balloon. His successor would make a secret compact with France and Russia for our overthrow, and the French would pop into the Humber, while the Germans lured away our fleets, and the Russians went prancing into Afghanistan. Even in this desperate situation our luck would not fail us. The fleets would return and destroy the French ships in the Humber; the commander of the expedition would be forced to surrender at Huntingdon; and the Kaiser William, who had dropped from his balloon into the Danube, would come to life again, bundle his successor off the throne, and annul the compact. But we must not count on such accidents. *Allons, enfants de la patrie!* Stockbrokers, to arms! Chests forward!

PARLIAMENT.

In the Lords, the Foreign Secretary made an important statement about Persia. In any revision of our commercial relations with that country, the Government would insist upon special consideration for British trade. Lord Lansdowne referred to the Bagdad Railway scheme, in which the Government had declined to co-operate. With regard to the Persian Gulf, this country was resolved to resist, at any cost, the establishment of a naval base by any other Power.

In the second reading debate on the Irish Land Bill, Mr. Redmond complained that there was no provision for evicted tenants, and no proper treatment of the congested districts. The perpetual rent-charge to be imposed by the State was unreasonable. He warned the Government that if they should reject moderate amendments the Irish members would wash their hands of the Bill. Mr. Coghill, supported by Sir George Bartley, moved its rejection. He described the Bill as worse than Mr. Gladstone's scheme in 1886. Did the Ministry propose to follow it with Home Rule or "a modified form of self-government"? He could see no security for the taxpayers' money. Mr. Balfour replied that the security was in the Exchequer grants for local purposes. The Bill was a natural development of the Unionist principle of land-purchase. The Irish land system had become intolerable, and the Bill would substitute a sound basis of tenure for a bad one.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman thought there was no alternative policy to that of the Government. The country did not like the Bill, but was being led judiciously up to it, like a shying horse. Everything depended on equitable terms, and therefore the Bill would have to be considerably remodelled. Mr. T. W. Russell and Mr. William O'Brien dismissed the fear of repudiation by the tenants as idle. The taxpayers' investment, said Mr. O'Brien, was as safe as the Bank of England. But the terms of purchase were too hard. Mr. Thomas Shaw took the same view, arguing that the tenants should pay no more than eighteen years' purchase and the State only two. Sir Edward Grey approved of the rent-charge, but urged that it should be paid to an Irish, not an English, authority.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA.

The first cycle of the "Nibelungen" at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, has been most brilliantly presented and performed, and even the subscription Opera season that started on Monday, May 5, can hope to do no better. Great pains had been taken with scenery, orchestra, and chorus, and the result was entirely adequate, which is rare praise for the tetralogy of Wagner, taking into consideration its almost insurmountable difficulties. Dr. Richter conducted admirably, and the orchestra and chorus could not well have been better. There was new scenery for the first and last of the "Nibelungen," "Das Rheingold" and "Götterdämmerung," painted by Mr. Harry Brooke, and it was most picturesque.

The singers are for the most part new to Covent Garden, and they will be welcome again, for they all attained to a high degree of excellence. Frau Burckard, who has many qualifications for sustaining the rôle of Brünnhilde, gave a highly finished performance. She acts dramatically, and possesses a beautiful, true, and powerful voice. To one far back in the auditorium, it seemed flexible and resonant, but it is possible that to one nearer the stage its very strength might make somewhat for harshness. Fräulein Zimmermann was very fascinating as Freia. Fräulein Fremstad was a charming Fricka, the Goddess of Marriage. Herr Bertram sang Wotan admirably.

On the second night "Die Walküre" had a graceful Sieglinde in the person of Fräulein Zimmermann. Herr Van Dyck was Siegmund; and the exquisite love-music, among the most beautiful that Wagner has ever written, was sung perfectly. The last act was very dramatic, and both Wotan and Brünnhilde acquitted themselves creditably.

On Thursday, April 30, "Siegfried" was given, Herr Kraus playing the title-rôle. His acting was excellent, as was his method of singing, phrasing, and intonation. Herr Lieban was wonderful as Mime. On Saturday was given the last and the grandest part of the great work—"Götterdämmerung." It was on the same high level of excellence. It is absolutely impossible adequately to describe the beauty of the composition. It is breathless in its effects, that culminate in Brünnhilde's throwing herself on the funeral-pyre of Siegfried. In Germany the opening scene of the Norns and the scene between Brünnhilde and Waltraute are generally omitted. On Saturday the applause, great as it was, was never extravagant, for the performance was magnificent. Herr Kraus sang Siegfried's adventures with fine dramatic power. Frau Leffler Burckard was very good, and Madame Kirkby Lunn sang Waltraute beautifully. Considering the enormous difficulties of the production, the mounting, which excelled anything yet seen at Covent Garden, deserves special commendation. The collapse of the Hall of Gibichungs was startling in its realism and ingenuity.

"DANTE" AND HENRY IRVING AT DRURY LANE.

Hailed with that vociferous and affectionate enthusiasm which is always reserved for the greatest and most intellectual of our living actors, Sir Henry Irving assumed last week, at Drury Lane Theatre, the character of the sublime poet of mediæval Italy, and for the representative of Dante the whole play, mere series as it is of disconnected pictures and melodramatic episodes, was one long triumph—the triumph of an arresting personality. Indeed, the prevailing impression left by the former Lyceum chief's new production is that of a majestic figure backed by a splendid spectacle. In the midst of a set of ever-shifting shadows—and shadows Dante's stage-companions are, whether starving prisoners or excommunicating bishop, faithless wives or

persecuted children, chanting nuns or heaven-stricken Cardinal—there stands out one dominant flesh-and-blood person, made real and made imposing by the magic of Henry Irving's art. His playwrights their interpreter help but little; for are they not M. Moreau and M. Sardou, the latter, of late years, the very apostle of theatrical insincerity? Their Dante, at best, is a frenzied father who twice rescues his unlawful daughter from peril, or an eloquent prophet who is actuated by personal wrongs when he foretells and awaits the doom of a wicked Cardinal—the hero, in short, of a sensational story which is itself singularly lacking in movement or concentration, and is interrupted by the introduction of extraneous tableaux. Given no adequate material, it is the actor who has to create the ideal poet out of his own plastic features, his own moods and feelings, his own thoughtful imagination; and that classic, austere face of his, those brooding, melancholy eyes, that whole aspect of the seer which is his, all address an irresistible appeal before he has uttered a syllable. But the phantoms which surround the stage Dante—Pia, the married lady for whom he is supposed, after Beatrice's death, to have formed an attachment; their daughter Gemma, whom he saves from a convent prison and the Inquisition; Giotto the painter, Colonna the Cardinal, Francesca da Rimini, Ugolino, and the rest—are not to be vitalised by any acting, though Miss Lena Ashwell does her best for the joint rôles of Pia and Gemma, and Mr. Mollison has a fine moment in Colonna's death-scene, the drama's one strong situation. The players are weighed down by a mass of spectacle. But it is grand spectacle, whether it depicts Dante's Italy or the material hell of mediæval fancy. There is an exquisite realisation of the joyous spirit of the Renaissance in the refined picture of a springtime fête; while the (superfluous) scenes of Purgatory and the Inferno, of which the best perhaps is the Valley of Asphodels, are all most imaginatively treated.

"THE LITTLE COUNTESS," AT THE AVENUE.

If there is a hackneyed situation of drawing-room drama it is that of a bachelor's midnight assignation interrupted by visitors, one a husband seeking his wife. Yet this it is which Mr. G. P. Bancroft chooses for the climax of his new piece, "The Little Countess," and so bungles as to spoil a rather promising specimen of the "well-made" play. His (mechanical) story begins with a clever act of exposition in which a "musical-comedy" actress receives from two men very different proposals. One, a peer, persists in offering marriage, though he learns that, in days of poverty, she had accepted a male friend's protection. The other—her former lover—suggests, though his wife is dead, a resumption of the old relations. Cured of her infatuation—as, alas! real women of her type would not be—Sadie marries his Lordship and transfers (most improbably) her affections to her husband. The playwright, plunging deeper into theatricality, makes the peer's relatives Vere de Veres who sneer at the bride's vulgarity, shows the peer's sister wickedly entangled with the little Countess's old lover, and portrays the heroine as spitefully resolved to avenge herself on the fine lady. So we find Sadie intruding on the assignation, and being forced, Cleopatra-like, to roll herself in a carpet to escape the jealous eyes of her husband. Such a play is sufficiently exposed by mere description, but it is well acted. In the Avenue cast are Mr. Ben Webster, who renders the peer's emotional scenes quite affecting; Miss Susanne Sheldon, who has the right air for Lady Hermione; Mr. Fred Kerr, whose *savoir faire* does not desert him even in the rôle of a Lothario; and Miss Annie Hughes, who, though over-accentuating the heroine's banalities, proves an amusing and a pathetic little Countess.

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The Bishop of Chichester (second time).
The Bishop of Salisbury (third time).
The Bishop of Ely (third time).
The Bishop of Chester (second time).
The Bishop of St. Albans.
The Bishop of Liverpool.
The Lord Langatone (second time).
The Right Hon. Sir Marcus Samuel, Lord Mayor (second time).
The Hon. Mr. Justice Kekewich (sixth time).
The Rev. Sir E. Graham Moon, Bart., M.A. (ninth time).

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Sir William Tomlinson, Bart., M.P. (ninth time).

Sir Andrew Lusk, Bart. (twelfth time).

Sir John Whittaker Ellis, Bart., Alderman (eighth time).

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The Rev. Sir Borradaile Savory, Bart., M.A. (third time).

Sir Thomas Smith, Bart., K.C.V.O. (fifth time).

Sir Horatio Davies, K.C.M.G., M.P., V.D. Alderman (fourteenth time).

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* (Addison Road.) A.—Sundays, Hastings 10s. 6d., Bexhill & Eastbourne 10s. 1st Cl. B.—Week-Days, 12s. Brighton, 13s. Worthing (Pullman Car to Brighton). C.—Sunday Cyclists' Trains alternately to Horley, Three Bridges & East Grinstead; or to Sutton, Dorking, Ockley & Horsham. D.—Saturdays, Brighton, 10s. 6d. 1st Cl. E.—Sundays, "Brighton Pullman Limited," 12s. Brighton & Worthing. F.—Sundays, Brighton & Worthing, 10s. 1st Cl., 12s. (Pullman Car to Brighton). G.—Sundays, Eastbourne, Pullman Car, 12s. H.—Sundays, Brighton, 10s. 1st Cl., 12s. Pullman Car.

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THE GIGANTIC WHEEL.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING IN ROME. If anything were needed to set the seal on the ancient friendship between England and Italy, it was the wonderful reception which the Roman people gave to King Edward on April 27. Prince Colonna, the Mayor of Rome, had placarded the walls of the Eternal City with a manifesto recapitulating the ties which bound the two peoples together, and emphasising the solemn confirmation which the Roman welcome would give to the mutual sympathy which united the British and Italians in the common ideal of civil liberty and progress. At the railway station King Victor Emmanuel met his guest and escorted him to the Quirinal, through streets magnificently decorated and thronged with multitudes, who welcomed King Edward with true Italian warmth. The chief events of the visit are dealt with in our Illustrations. On April 30, amid tokens of regard as cordial as those which greeted him on his arrival, King Edward took leave of Rome and the Romans. The King's parting words to his Italian host were, "Then we shall soon meet in London." By way of Pisa, Spezia, Genoa, and Turin, the royal train proceeded to France.

THE KING IN PARIS. May Day in Paris, in the year 1903, will long be remembered by the Parisians as the beginning of a series of festivities in which recent misunderstandings were forgotten in delighted welcome of King Edward, who is himself very much of a Parisian. From the Bois de Boulogne Station to the Embassy the King's progress resembled a triumph, and on his subsequent public appearances it was evident that the feeling of cordiality towards the monarch had only been intensified. At Paris, as at Rome and Lisbon, every moment of his Majesty's time was fully occupied. The day of his arrival saw his formal call at the Elysée, the reception of an address from the British Chamber of Commerce, a dinner at the Embassy, and a performance at the



THE PARIS DECORATIONS IN HONOUR OF KING EDWARD: THE EXTERIOR OF THE ELYSÉE PALACE HOTEL.

THE PARIS DECORATIONS.

Paris, having resolved to welcome King Edward right royally, took care that nothing should be lacking in the outward symbol of rejoicing. The demand for Union Jacks was enormous, and the great houses, private and public,

vied with one another in beautiful adornment. Particularly fine were the illuminations. The Rue de la Paix was a blaze of coloured lights, and the famous Café de la Paix had its architecture beautifully outlined in red, white, and blue electric lamps, thus honouring at once the King and the Republic. The cupola of the Opéra revealed its proportions after nightfall in a blaze of electric lamps, and lights on the summit of the Vendôme Column played

fantastically upon the statue of the First Napoleon. Everywhere were the inscriptions, "Welcome!" and "God Save the King!" Among the great hotels, one of the most artistically adorned was the Elysée Palace, where Messrs. Maple have carried out internal decorations on a scale of beauty and magnificence second to none in Europe. It occupies the site of the famous palace of the Duc de Morny.

PARIS DECORATIONS REFLECTED IN LONDON.

Not the least curious accompaniment of the King's welcome to Paris was its reflection, on a modest scale, in Soho. Time was, as Thackeray reminds us, when the neighbourhood of Leicester and Soho Squares was most obviously un-English, and when picturesque gentlemen of foreign appearance thronged its tenements and cafés. We have become less Bohemian in Soho since the days when Clive Newcome was an art student, but the speech of the Soho streets is still for the most part alien, and these regions are still the inevitable resort of the exile, whose marvellous cleverness in supplying good and cheap dinners finds growing appreciation with the less wealthy Saxon. International goodwill, indeed, is in Soho promoted by gastronomy, so it was not surprising that the French colony rejoiced on the days when King Edward was being fêted in Paris. Wardour Street also hung the festal banner on the outward wall of the temple of old furniture.

THE KAISER IN ROME.

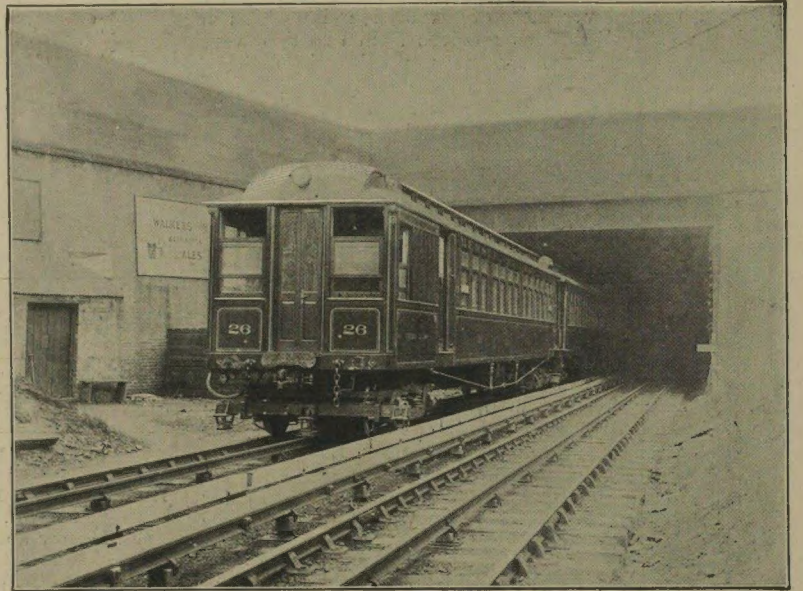
The Kaiser lost no time in following King Edward's example by visiting his "faithful ally," Italy. He also had an interview with the Pope. This is said to have occupied a few more minutes than that between King Edward and Leo XIII. If competition of this kind continues, we may soon expect to hear that one Sovereign or another has taken up permanent residence with his Holiness.

ELECTRICITY ON EXISTING RAILWAYS. The long-mooted electrification of the District Railway is rapidly taking visible form. Trial cars are being run daily on the South Ealing and Harrow portion of the line, which is to be opened shortly, and it is said that Mr. Yerkes himself, doubtless desiring to live up to Mr. Punch's recent interview, is a frequent passenger. The authorities of the Mersey Tunnel Railway have already



THE PARIS DECORATIONS REFLECTED IN SOHO: THE DISPLAY IN WARDOUR STREET.

Théâtre Français. The following day was occupied by the grand review at Vincennes, the municipal reception at the Hôtel de Ville, where his Majesty signed a record of his visit, an expedition to the Longchamp racecourse, and a State Banquet at the Elysée, where the King was entertained by M. Loubet, and all that was most distinguished in the French official world. M. Loubet proposed his Majesty's health in the happiest terms. The King, in his reply, talked of the rapprochement of the two countries in their common interests. After the dinner came the State visit to the Opéra, where his Majesty was received with the strains of "God Save the King" and the "Marseillaise," after which he formally saluted the house. The programme included a selection from "Samson and Delilah." The next day (Sunday) his Majesty walked to the Embassy church in the Rue d'Aguesseau, where the Rev. Dr. Noyes officiated. At the close of the service his Majesty lunched with M. Delcassé, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and later in the afternoon the King planted a tree in the Embassy gardens in the presence of a hundred and fifty children of the British colony and a representative body of his Majesty's aged subjects who are inmates of the Victoria Hospital. His Majesty's banquet at the Embassy the same evening was one of the most brilliant functions of the series of festivities. The table was decorated with orchids, azaleas, and red and white roses, and the service was almost entirely of the most exquisitely chased silver. On Monday, May 4, amid many manifestations of goodwill, his Majesty left Paris and proceeded to Cherbourg, where the *Victoria and Albert* was waiting to convey him back to England. The King passed the night on board his yacht, and the next morning arrived at Portsmouth.

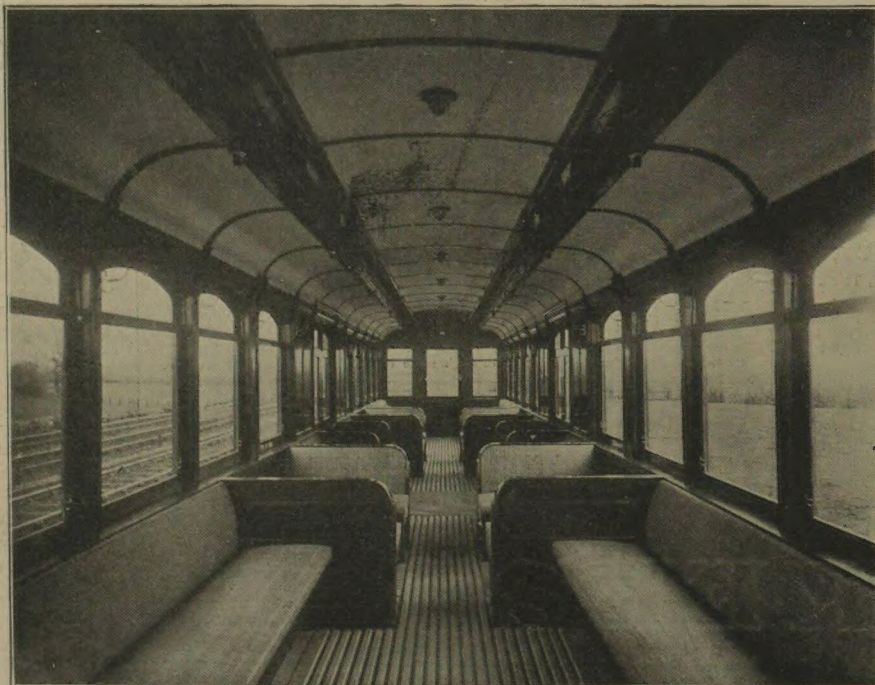


THE ELECTRIFICATION OF THE MERSEY RAILWAY: THE EXTERIOR OF ONE OF THE PASSENGER-CARS.

completed their system, and on May 3 the ordinary service was conducted for the first time entirely by means of electricity. As some seven hundred and fifty trains are to run through the tunnel daily, the magnitude of the undertaking is readily apparent. The tunnel itself, black with the accumulated dirt from the smoke necessitated under the old locomotive system, has been thoroughly cleaned. The work, which has been carried out in about eighteen months by the British Westinghouse Company, has cost nearly half a million sterling, the outlay being guaranteed by a debenture stock. The company expects to save money in ventilation charges, but the regular pumping of 5000 gallons of water a minute from the tunnel will continue. The journey between Birkenhead and Liverpool takes less than ten minutes. The original line was opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales in January 1886.

THE ACADEMY BANQUET.

At the Academy Banquet on May 2, the Prince of Wales maintained his father's record for happy and appropriate speech-making at that annual symposium of artists. His Royal Highness said he believed that, in point of artistic pageantry, the Coronation ceremonies had marked a distinct advance, while they maintained a due regard to the antiquity and architecture of the Abbey. The possibilities of Eastern art, he continued, had been realised at the recent Durbar, and he trusted that those who had not been privileged to be present at these great Imperial celebrations might next year see some worthy reflection on the Academy walls. The Prince trusted that British art and industry would be adequately represented



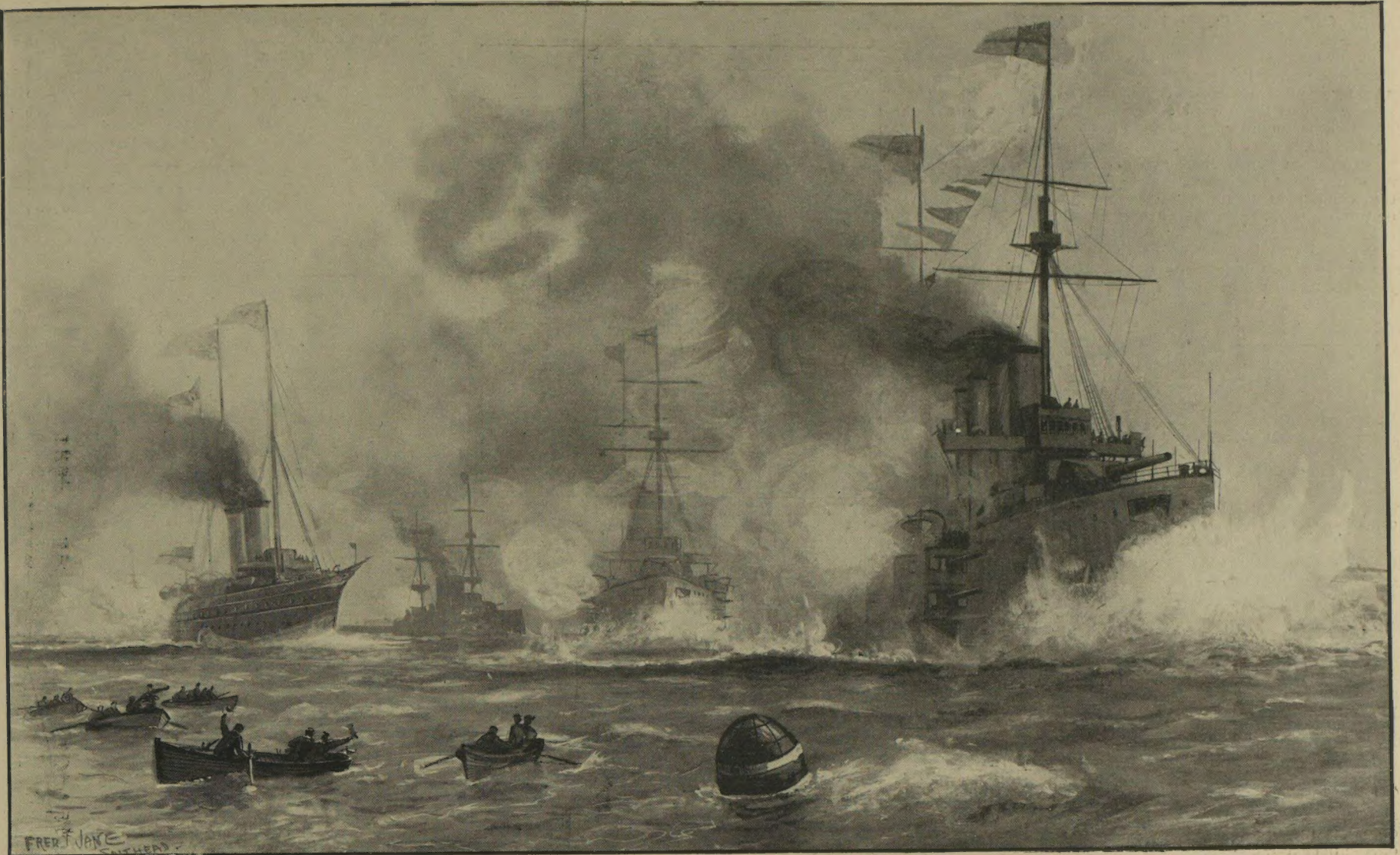
THE ELECTRIFICATION OF THE DISTRICT RAILWAY: ONE OF THE NEW PASSENGER-CARS.

Minerva. His Majesty's Yacht.

Venus.

Sutlej.

Drake.



THE KING'S HOME-COMING, MAY 4: THE ESCORT PASSING HIS MAJESTY'S YACHT AT FULL SPEED OFF SPITHEAD.

DRAWN BY F. T. JANE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT PORTSMOUTH.

The journey from Cherbourg was made at the high speed of eighteen knots, and when Spithead was reached the escorting cruisers, led by the "Drake," steamed past the King's yacht at full speed, firing salutes as they did so.



EARL'S COURT IN 1903: THE INTERNATIONAL FIRE EXHIBITION, OPENED MAY 6.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

The history of organised fire extinction from the earliest times until now is this year elaborately set forth at the Earl's Court Exhibition. In the Empress Theatre is presented a realistic spectacle reproducing a great London fire.

at the forthcoming St. Louis Exhibition. Admiral Sir John Fisher brought the humour of the quarter-deck into his reply for the Navy, and amused his audience with the story of a young lieutenant commanding a destroyer who had, for the instruction of his crew, posted near the wheel the mysterious legend, "Ut Veniant Omnes," which the youthful commander translated by the familiar slang phrase, "Let 'em all come." That, said Admiral Fisher, was the sense of conscious efficiency. Mr. Brodrick, in responding for the Army, said they were conscious that they could only play a subordinate part in being carried on the backs of the Navy. This, no doubt, was "conscious efficiency" from the War Secretary's point of view. Dr. Joachim replied for Music, the Lord Chancellor for his Majesty's Ministers, the Lord Mayor for the City of London, and to Sir E. J. Poynter, of course, fell the task of replying to the toast of "The President."

THE SOMALI OPERATIONS.

In spite of the reiterated statement that the operations of our forces in Somaliland had been abandoned, it would appear that they are merely in a state of suspension, awaiting more favourable conditions. At the moment no columns are operating in the field, but it is confidently expected that a move will be made within the next few weeks. Against this, however, must be placed the fact that the most trying period of the year has now begun: the rains are breaking in the interior, and hot winds and sand-storms are prevalent. It is worthy of note that the enemy's recent success has not heightened their confidence, and the caravan route to Bohotle is unmenaced.

THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE "ZOO."

The discussion that has raged round the vacant secretaryship of the Zoological Society has been definitely settled by the election of Dr. P. Chalmers Mitchell, the candidate put up by the "reform" party, who defeated Mr. W. L. Sclater, the secretary *pro tem.* and the official candidate, by 194 votes. The new secretary, who is thirty-seven years of age, is a graduate of Aberdeen and Oxford, and an experienced zoologist. His fitness for the post may in part be judged by the appointments he holds—Lecturer in Zoology at the London Hospital, Examiner in Biology to the Royal College of Surgeons of England, and Examiner in Zoology to the University of London. Dr. Chalmers Mitchell is a member of the committee of the council of the Zoological Society deputed to reorganise the present arrangements at the "Zoo."



Photo. Russell.
DR. P. CHALMERS MITCHELL,
New Secretary of the Zoological Society.

THE TIARA OF SAITAPHARNES.

Rochomowski's statement that he is the maker of the tiara of Saitapharnes, which until the recent disclosures occupied an honoured place amongst the treasures of the Louvre, is being subjected to the only conclusive test. His tools having been dispatched from Odessa to the French Minister of Public Instruction; they have been handed over to the artist; and he has been ordered to make a replica. The necessary gold-leaf and other materials have been supplied by the Mint, where Rochomowski is working under official supervision.

THE LATE SIGNOR ARDITI.

Signor Luigi Arditì, who died on May 1, in his eighty-first year, was distinguished both as composer and conductor. Of the large number of songs bearing his name, "Il Bacio," first sung by Titiens, and subsequently so much associated with Patti, proved immensely popular. Among the prime donne who have sung under his bâton are Piccolomini, Titiens, Nilsson, Patti, and Ilma de Murska; while Gounod's "Faust" and "Mireille," "Mignon," "Carmen," "Traviata," "Luisa Miller," "Un Ballo in Maschera," "Forza del Destino," and "Aida" were first produced in London under his direction. Beginning his musical career as a violinist, he secured an engagement as leader soon after leaving the Milan Conservatoire; next became conductor of the orchestra at several second-class Italian theatres; then journeyed to Havana, to find that the Opera House had been engulfed in an earthquake; toured America; and finally, in 1854, took up the position he held for so long—that of conductor at Her Majesty's Theatre, first under Mr. Lumley and afterwards under Colonel Mapleson. From his youth Arditì was very bald, and in this connection an excellent story is told of him. Once when he presented a cheque

at the bank, his identity was doubted by the cashier. "Do you ever go to the Opera?" asked Arditì. The answer being in the affirmative, the cashier removed his hat, turned his back upon the clerk, and raised an



Photo. Russell.
THE LATE SIGNOR ARDITI,
Composer and Conductor.

DINNER AND THE DRAMA.

Parisian society expects King Edward's visit to modify some of its customs. The French dinner of ceremony is very long, and the King has been known to dine in forty minutes, speeches included. Then the *entr'actes* of the French play are of stupefying duration, and the King is said to have shortened them with a nod. But he has not yet solved the great problem of dining and going to the play, even in London. Not for the first time it is now proposed that the theatre shall have a restaurant under



WALKING TO BRIGHTON IN CITY COSTUME: MR. PRINGLE, AN INDEPENDENT COMPETITOR, FINISHING IN THE STOCK EXCHANGE WALKING MATCH.

Mr. Andrew Pringle won a heavy bet by walking the 52 miles in correct morning costume within 13 hours. He lost, however, his collar and one spat. His time was 10 hours 57 seconds.

the same roof, so that the playgoer can pass straight from the dining-room to the stalls, instead of spending the interval in a cab on a wet night, and running the risk of missing the Prologue of "Dante" at Drury Lane. Perfect harmony between the rival interests of dining and playgoing is probably unattainable. Dinner trenches so

mercilessly on the province of drama that the playwright may be forced to change the whole principle of dramatic construction. But any measure for softening this unfortunate antagonism should be generally welcome. It has even been suggested that in the dining-room of the theatre the menu should be accompanied by the synopsis of the first act, so that the playgoer may decide whether he would rather mess than miss the last course.

THE "NO RATE" WAR. To pay one's rates is a sad nuisance. Most of us do it as a matter of habit, because it is supposed to be the duty of the citizen. A decent excuse for evading this duty without incurring any social odium would be welcome to many bosoms which are cursed by the monotony of civilised life. How splendid to strike an attitude, and cry to the minions of the law: "Take my goods and chattels. Sell them to the dealers for a mere song. Who cares? I object to rates on principle." Distinguished Free Churchmen object to the Education Rate on principle, and are prepared to have their furniture distrained rather than pay for religious teaching, which, according to Mr. Perks, M.P., they hold to be "obnoxious in the sight of God." There can be no question of their sincerity. But, apparently, they do not relish the notion of letting their furniture be "sold at a ruinous sacrifice." Instead of going to the dealers for a mere song, it will be bought in by the owners or their friends. So the refusal to pay the Education Rate will be a mere form, and the recusants might as well shorten the procedure by paying the rate under protest. The whole affair threatens to be disappointing to the lovers of liberty and the picturesque.

THE DISCOVERER OF THE GORILLA.

The announcement of the discovery of the gorilla by M. Paul Belloni du Chaillu, who died in St. Petersburg on April 29 in his sixty-eighth year, raised an amount of controversy hardly less than that aroused a few years ago by the ingenious de Rougemont; but, unlike de Rougemont, du Chaillu substantiated his statements, and placed the existence of the gorilla, hitherto only suspected, beyond doubt. To the same explorer belongs the credit of discovering the Fans. Du Chaillu was the son of a French West African trader, and spent several of the earlier years of his life on the Gaboon River, where his father acted as Consular Agent. In 1855 he returned to West Africa, and began the four years' journey of exploration which made his name world-famous. This was followed, in 1862, by a further visit to the same ground, during which he added considerably to the knowledge already gained. Since then, M. du Chaillu made extensive explorations in Sweden, Lapland, Finland, and other countries.

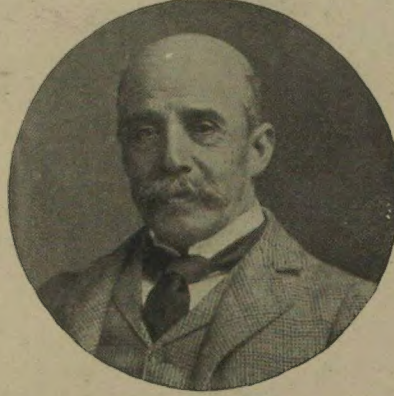


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE M. PAUL DU CHAILLU,
Discoverer of the Gorilla.

EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION.

The International Fire Exhibition, opened at Earl's Court on May 6 by the veteran Duke of Cambridge, combines instruction with its amusements, but as the instruction comprises all the realism of a modern fire from outbreak to extinction, few are likely to be bored with the object-lesson set before them. In addition to this display, which is given in the Empress Theatre, numerous other efforts are made to entertain, especially a reproduction of the Great Fire of London as seen from the Southwark side of Old London Bridge.

MR. CARNEGIE'S LOGIC.

Mr. Carnegie has declined to intervene in the dispute at Stratford-on-Avon. It would be easy for him to say that he does not wish his free library to be built in Henley Street, but he will not say it. The people who object to the destruction of the old cottages he dismisses with the remark that he does not know what they have "to do with the matter." He has been told that these houses were "a menace to the neighbourhood, as it was feared they would be burnt down." As the "menace" has existed for a period of sixty years, it cannot be very pressing. Any building may be burnt down, even Mr. Carnegie's free library, the loss of which would not be irreparable. Mr. Carnegie's logic may not in this case be altogether persuasive, but he would have found a complete answer to the question in our last issue, where we showed conclusively that the condemned cottages are of no historical interest. What is truly ancient will be carefully preserved.

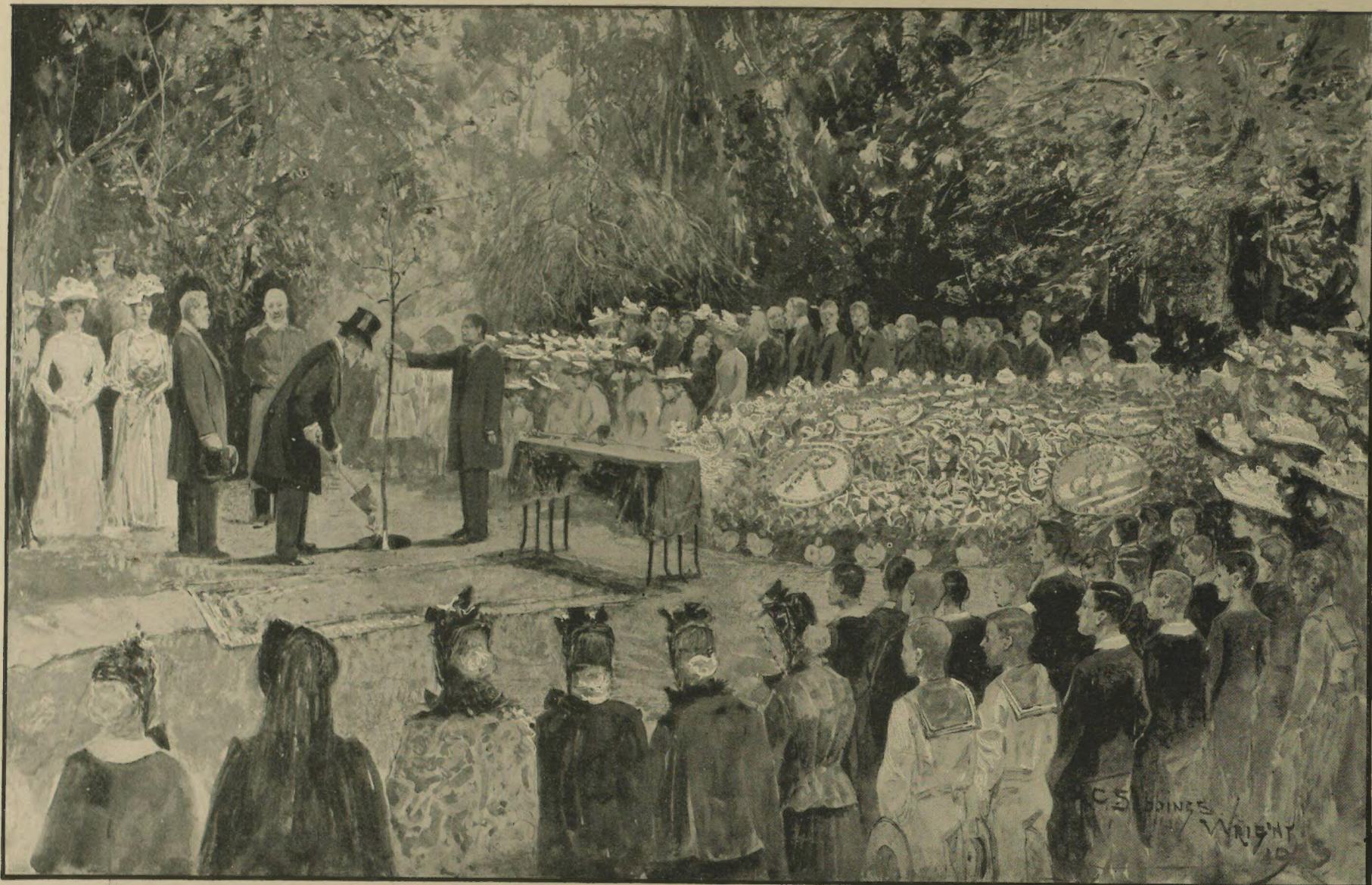
KING EDWARD'S VISIT TO THE PARIS OPÉRA.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN PARIS.



KING EDWARD, PRESIDENT LOUBET, AND MADAME LOUBET DESCENDING THE GRAND STAIRCASE OF THE PARIS OPÉRA HOUSE
AFTER THE GALA PERFORMANCE, MAY 2.

From President Loubet's banquet at the Elysée the King proceeded to the gala performance at the Opéra, where he was received by M. Gailhard, the Director. The programme included a selection from Saint-Saëns' "Samson and Delilah." After the performance, MM. Massenet and Saint-Saëns were presented to his Majesty. On his way to and from the Royal Box, his Majesty gave his arm to Madame Loubet.



THE KING AND HIS BRITISH SUBJECTS IN PARIS: HIS MAJESTY PLANTING A TREE AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY IN THE PRESENCE OF OLD PEOPLE AND CHILDREN OF THE BRITISH COLONY.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT FROM A SKETCH BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN PARIS.

On the afternoon of May 3 the King planted a chestnut tree, as Queen Victoria did many years ago, in the Embassy Gardens. The ceremony was watched by 150 children of the British Colony and 50 subjects of his Majesty who have grown old in Paris, and are inmates of the Victoria Home.

Madame Loubet.



KING EDWARD'S PATRONAGE OF FRENCH SPORT: HIS MAJESTY IN THE ROYAL BOX AT LONGCHAMP RACES, MAY 2.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A SKETCH BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN PARIS.

The King had a magnificent reception on his arrival at the racecourse. The victory of Chrysothémis, a descendant of Persimmon, was considered a happily appropriate event.

PERDITA.

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.



Illustrated by F. H. TOWNSEND.

PART II.

At this moment a stout, pleasant-looking man made his appearance, and shook both of us heartily by the hand. That this was Mr. Curtis I judged by his air as well as by his years. Perdita, who had not recovered her voice, mechanically gave him two limp fingers, but it may be that this enhanced our value. I only know that we were ushered into a neighbouring room which was full of light and voices. Mrs. Curtis evidently was at home, and from a general observance of the company, and the attention of many eyes, I jumped to the conclusion that Sir Thomas and Lady Heron, that Perdita and I, in fact, were the honoured guests!

The thought was disconcerting, for, whereas a little time previously I should have been prepared to sacrifice a good deal of truth and other things rather than go forth upon my unequal task again in the streets, now I stood appalled at the prospect of so much celebrity. Mrs. Curtis hurried us on, chattering quite freely, and in the emphasised voice which I have endeavoured to describe. It appears that her daughter and my wife had been friends at school, and she was full of regrets, even of lamentations, that Milly had been prevented

from reaching London in time owing to her serious attack of influenza in Bonn. For my part, at the moment I am sorry to say I rejoiced heartily and cruelly in the misadventure which detained Milly. Incidentally I learned that I was a member of Parliament and an authority on golf, a game which I must confess I have never played in my life.

"We read of you the other day playing so well at Tooting, Sir Thomas," said my glowing matron; "against the Prime Minister, you know," she added, as if in kindly response to my stare of wonder.

"To be sure," said I firmly; "I generally beat him. He is not really a good player."

"Is he *not*?" cried the lady, with unnecessary archness and emphasis, as it seemed to me. "Oh! but I suppose you are a very good player. You mustn't judge by yourself. *We* are very much interested in golf, Mr. Curtis and I; but I wish I knew a *little* more about it. I can follow the game, *of course*; but would you mind telling me, Sir Thomas, what is *precisely* the difference between a tee and a brassey? I somehow always confuse those two."

As I have said, I do not play golf, nor did I know the precise difference between any two things in the absurd game, but silence would be fatal, at least to my reputation as a golfer, which, being new-born and hardly come by, I valued. Therefore I answered lightly—

"Well, you see, Mrs. Curtis, that is a delicate question."

The reply sent some gentlemen who were listening, much to my distress, into still palpitations of laughter.

"Indeed, Sir Thomas, you are right," said one gravely, and I gathered that I was regarded as a wit. With my varied experience I am not usually slow to take up a cue, and so I added with equal gravity—

"Particularly in mixed company, my dear lady," and now the matron joined the joke, whatever it was, and I was respectfully saluted as a wit by a thin cackle of laughter. I felt it would be a difficult character to sustain, more especially if I were kept on golf, which appeared to be my hobby, and so I was



"And who, may I ask, is the lady?"

relieved when my hostess diverted my attention by a side attack.

"There is a lady here who knew you years ago, Sir Thomas," she said with great *empressement*.

At the news, I think I would have sooner reclined again on golf, dangerous as it was. Where was my tormentor? Which of the beaming women advancing now claimed me as an acquaintance; and would she expose me forthwith, or respond mercifully to a hint and a private explanation?

"It is Mrs. Gavan," said Mrs. Curtis, smiling. "But she was not Mrs. Gavan then, of course."

"Of course not," said I, and glancing helplessly about, met Perdita's appealing eyes. She was seated apparently among admirers, and I had a moment's remorse and the time to wonder how she did. There, too, was a danger equal in kind to Mrs. Gavan (*née* something else).

"It is Miss Crowhurst," said Mrs. Curtis triumphantly.

"Why, bless me, yes," said I with feeling, and was aware that someone emerged shyly out of the throng.

I do not believe that Mrs. Gavan (*née* Crowhurst) had desired to press her acquaintance on me. Indeed, I think the surprise had been amiably engineered by her hostess. But surprise it was, though not on my side. I extended my hand and beamed. Mrs. Gavan was thirty and of a fresh handsomeness that spoke to good health and vigour.

"I—I met you some years ago, Sir Thomas," she said uneasily. It was as if she had been guilty, not I. But I was brazen; I searched her face.

"Indeed," I answered pleasantly, "there comes back to me the recollection of a very pretty face. . . . Let me see, how long is it—?"

"It is ten years since I was at Winterholt," said Mrs. Gavan, regarding me curiously out of her bashful eyes.

"Ten years!" said I in echo. "Dear me, how time runs! But then you must have been in short frocks, and—"

"Oh, no," dissented Mrs. Gavan decidedly, but smiling with a pleasant colour; and added hesitantly, "but I think you've changed a good deal. I never expected—"

"Ah, age—age!" said I quickly, and shook my head; "the cares of this world, Mrs. Gavan."

It was clear that I had said something witty, for the laugh went round. Only Mrs. Gavan remained, with her puzzled smile, untouched by my sally, whatever it was.

"I always think of Winterholt with pleasure," she said; "I spent a very happy week there with dear old Miss Stanton."

I sighed sympathetically. "Dear Miss Stanton!" I responded; "indeed, she was a good heart!"

"*Was?*" echoed my tormenter in surprise; "I hope she is not dead! I heard from her only last—"

"No, no, not dead, of course," I said hastily; "not exactly dead, you know. But perhaps my wife—may I have the pleasure of introducing my wife to an old friend?"

I may have shown my haste, but I was beginning to be frightened by Mrs. Gavan, and, moreover, the look of alarm on poor Perdita's face added to my terrors. What *had* she been saying? The situation had not been without its compensating humours so far, but now it threatened to develop unpleasantly.

"My dear," said I to Perdita, who sprang eagerly to me on my gesture, "I wish to introduce you to Mrs. Gavan. You will remember my often having spoken of my old acquaintance, Miss ——" I stopped and boggled, for the simple reason that I had forgotten her name. But Perdita's nervousness was my salvation.

"How do you do?" she cried hurriedly, and obviated the conclusion of the sentence.

Mrs. Gavan (good soul, but troublesome) gazed at Perdita's girlish beauty, and then directed a glance at me. It was that of a kind woman who is perplexed but has a sure instinct.

"Have you been married long, Sir Thomas?" she asked.

I looked at Perdita, whose pale cheeks were charged with colour.

"Well," said I softly, "guess."

The look, which was certainly admiring, must have done it, for she did not attempt to guess, only murmured as if to two fond and newly married people—

"I think you are very lucky, Sir Thomas."

It was said very softly. She gauged Perdita outright, and I really believe she was accurate.

"I know I am," said I, and watched Perdita's colour fly. But she was too greatly alarmed to be shy now, and when we were free of Mrs. Gavan, poured her terrors forth.

"There is a lady over there who says she knew me when I was a little girl," she said breathlessly. "Oh, do let us get out of this; I can't think what made you do it."

"My dear child," I said, "it began with an unfortunate accident, and now we are committed to it too deeply. Consider, if we confessed, how colossal would be our poor innocent hostess's shame. It would never

do. We must carry it off. You have done well so far. Never mind the lady who knew you as a child. As Sir Thomas Heron's wife you can defy her. Explain that I have been married twice. It can't hurt her, nor you nor me," I added.

"But," she protested weakly, "they ask such embarrassing questions."

"What sort of questions?" said I.

"Oh, lots," she said vaguely.

There was no help here. "If they ask about a family you can say there isn't any," said I encouragingly.

Perdita's flag flew pink in her cheeks.

"I will tell Mrs. Curtis the true story," she said with decision.

"Well," said I, with a shrug of my shoulders, "perhaps it will be best, so long as you don't mind her feelings or mine."

She was silent. "You must admit," I said, "that we both deserve some consideration."

"I think you have been very kind," she said stiffly but firmly, after a pause.

"I will confess that I was much embarrassed in the first part of the evening," said I, "but I am beginning to enjoy it now."

"Now!" she echoed in surprise.

"Well, yes," I explained. "You see, it is natural. I was nothing to you in the cab but a stranger; now I am your husband."

"Indeed—" she began indignantly, but I interrupted her.

"My dear," said I, "it is bad form for husband and wife to talk together. It is a solecism of which we must break ourselves. And I see someone approaching who seems disposed to claim you."

She had the air of reluctance to leave me which in other circumstances should have flattered me; as it was, I understood that I was her one refuge, the one thing of which she was certain in a world to which she was a plaything, buffeted about by untimely winds and chances.

"Come," said I, "do not fear; there is nothing very formidable in this young man."

"No-o," she said doubtfully, "he is rather nice."

"Take care," said I in warning, "a husband has rights."

She smiled and flushed, which enhanced her prettiness. I felt absurdly annoyed with the young man, who was, however, obliged to address her as Lady Heron. But, after all, that was not my name. I just managed to dodge Mrs. Gavan, by merciful providence, and fell a victim to my hostess. It was unfortunate that people wanted either my views on golf or politics—two things I abominate. But I scraped through by the aid mainly of diplomacy and my cheery host. In conversation with him I made a tour of the room. He beamed benevolence and shrewdness, and was, I suspected, a good sound merchant somewhere. His views, particularly on bridge, interested me deeply until I was suddenly brought up with alarm before my own wife. She was engaged in animated talk with the objectionable young man, and had stripped a glove from a white, bare hand, whose virginal innocence was undimmed by a single ring.

The young man's eyes were fixed uneasily upon it, but Perdita talked gaily on. She was childlike in this, to the end; her fears allayed, her trouble forgotten, she was enjoying the present happily. I believe she was talking glibly of skating, or it may have been Badminton or ping-pong. The expression of her companion's face was strained under the dual attempt to listen and to pursue his own thoughts. Her third naked finger amazed him, and evidently had set his wits wandering. Perdita became aware of my presence, looked up, faltered, and ceased. What had I done that her radiance should fly at sight of me? I suppose I stood in the light of an old fogey to two such young creatures. Yet it was I, surely, who should have faltered.

"My dear," said I, "I think we must bid good-bye to our kind hostess."

Her dismay showed in her face, which was the most transparent I had ever seen.

"But," she said stammering, "but—"

The host smiled indulgently on her prettiness; the young man's eyes were on her gloveless hand.

"We must go," I said abruptly, for it seemed to me the time was near at hand. The room had thinned; there were few people left. Mr. Curtis gallantly escorted Perdita into the hall; and it seemed that I was worthy of a similar attention on the part of the hostess.

"Oh, where are we going? What shall we do?" whispered the poor child in my ear.

I really had not come to any conclusion till then, but the whimper in the voice somehow settled me. I could, of course, have thrust the onus on Perdita, have left her, sure of her welcome, in the bosom of the Curtis family, with explanations to follow on the morrow. She would have gained a roof for the night, and I would be freed from a perilous, if charming, burden. But frankly, I had not the heart. She was too young.

"May I beg a few words with you, Madam?" I said to Mrs. Curtis, and instinctively added, "and with you, Sir?"

Their surprise was common as I followed them into a smaller room at the foot of the hall. I did not perceive until we were seated that Perdita had followed us, very pale and fluttered.

"Do sit down, dear Lady Heron," said Mrs. Curtis in her gracious way. "You are tired, I'm sure. . . . You're so very pale."

I gave vent to a tiny laugh which I will not claim as one of amusement.

"The fact is, Lady Heron is worried," I said. It was astonishingly difficult when one came to the point. "She has nowhere to go to-night."

It was blunt and not at all politic, and it explained nothing. In fact, it was sheer nonsense when you came to consider it. I was merely fumbling my way.

"Dear me!" cried the hospitable lady. "Have you given up your house? It is our good fortune. I will have a room prepared at once. William, ring the bell and ask George to have the tapestry-room prepared."

William rose to obey, but I stopped him, conscious of the scarlet which poured into Perdita's pale cheeks.

"You misunderstand," I said, "and the fault is wholly mine. I am not Sir Thomas, nor is this Lady Heron. We are the victims of a blunder, an accident."

"Good Heavens, Sir, may I ask what you mean?" demanded the lady in quite another voice.

"It was this way," I went on hurriedly, and I told the truth. "We were the sport of circumstances," I told her, "the most egregious victims of fortune's plesantry. And for my share in it I humbly ask your pardon."

"I fail still to understand, Sir," said Mrs. Curtis majestically. "It seems to me that you have brought yourself near the law by false pretences."

"I admit it," said I, throwing up my hands.

"May I ask why you didn't inform me at once?" she demanded, still with asperity.

"To say the truth, I supposed at first you were the lady's friends," I declared, "and subsequently, when the mantle of Sir Thomas was thrust on me, I had not the courage—perhaps I may say the heart—before all those people—"

Mr. Curtis, who had not spoken, here emitted a little chuckle.

"I'm glad you spared us at least, Sir," he said drily. Mrs. Curtis sighed; but it was obvious that she had descended from her high horse.

"You have made me supremely ridiculous," she said.

"Excuse me," said I, "I am still Sir Thomas to your guests."

"Gad, that's so," said the husband pensively.

"And may always remain so," I added.

Suddenly he burst out into loud and hearty laughter, which sounded cheering.

"And why have you told me this now?" asked Mrs. Curtis. And I could see she had almost surrendered.

"Because," I said plumply, "this lady has no home, and I want you to put her up for to-night."

She was silent a moment, and both her husband and I watched her.

"And who, may I ask, is the lady?" she said at last. "And who are these friends?"

I shook my head. "I really don't know," I confessed reluctantly. "But her friends are—"

"Mrs. Jameson Fordyce," cried Perdita suddenly, and speaking for the first time. She had more colour now, and I think she felt more at ease. Her thoughts might even be straying to the idiotic young man, for all I know. But the ejaculated name startled Mrs. Curtis.

"Why, she lives over the way," she cried in honest excitement—"at number 20."

"Twenty? Oh, Perdita, Perdita!" I murmured reproachfully. "The number as well!"

"Pray, who is Perdita?" asked Mrs. Curtis.

"She was a character in Shakspeare," I said lightly, and rose. "I hope you have forgiven me for my share in all this, Madam. It was unwilling, and I acted as well as I could. Those are my only pleas."

"It wasn't bad acting," assented Mr. Curtis thoughtfully. "But I began to wonder about the golf. You see when you use a cleft you—"

"My dear Sir," I interrupted, "I shall be delighted to learn all about golf from you when I have delivered my charge over the way into safe hands."

"Excuse me," said Mrs. Curtis abruptly. "In the circumstances I must forbid it. I think you have seen quite as much of this young lady, whose name you don't even know, as is convenient. I will see that she is conducted home in safety myself. And as for you, I should advise you in her own interests not to see her again."

Well, I don't know whether the lady was right, or whether she was merely paying me out for my imposture. But the fact remains that I didn't see her again.

Perdita was looking at me in her pretty, questioning way, with her lips slightly parted; and when I promised she looked away quickly. I have sometimes wondered why.

THE END.

THE KING'S TOUR: HIS MAJESTY'S VISIT TO ROME.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ROME.



KING AND PONTIFF: HIS MAJESTY'S VISIT TO POPE LEO XIII., APRIL 29.

The interview took place in the Pope's private library. King Edward entered the Pope's presence alone. Leo XIII. was accompanied by his Secret Chamberlain. Our Artist gives a glimpse of the Throne-room beyond, which was used as an ante-chamber.

THE KING'S TOUR: HIS MAJESTY'S VISIT TO ROME

DRAWINGS BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT ROME.

Duke d'Aosta. Queen of Italy. King Edward. King of Italy. Count of Turin.



THE KING'S ARRIVAL: HIS MAJESTY, ACCOMPANIED BY KING VICTOR EMMANUEL, SALUTING THE GRENADIERS' FLAG AT THE RAILWAY-STATION.



THE GALA PERFORMANCE AT THE TEATRO ARGENTINO, APRIL 28: THE DEMONSTRATION DURING THE PLAYING OF "GOD SAVE THE KING!"



A SCENE FROM THE INFERNO: DANTE AND VIRGIL WATCHING THE PASSAGE OF THE HYPOCRITES.

Dante, Sir Henry Irving; Virgil, Mr. Walter Reynolds.

THE MOST RECENT FICTION.

The Adventures of Harry Revel. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. (London: Cassell, 6s.)
Typhoon. By Joseph Conrad. (London: Heinemann, 6s.)
The Star-Dreamer. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Westminster: Constable, 6s.)
The Gold Wolf. By Max Pemberton. (London: Ward, Lock, 6s.)
The Untilled Field. By George Moore. (London: Fisher Unwin, 6s.)
Castle Omeragh. By Frank Frankfort Moore. (London: Constable, 6s.)
On Behalf of the Firm. By Hamilton Drummond. (London: Ward, Lock, 6s.)
A Prince of Sinners. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. (London: Ward, Lock, 6s.)

Never since "Q" amused the world with his "Astonishing History of Troy Town" have we come upon such a delicious piece of fantasy as "Harry Revel." Almost all the characters in the book are impersonations of comedy—not caricature or farce, but genuine comedy. And comedy is the rarest bird in modern literature. Harry Revel started life as a foundling in a Plymouth institution a century ago: what he makes of it we hope Mr. Quiller-Couch will tell us in another volume. Apprenticed to a benevolent chimney-sweep, he stumbles upon a tragedy, takes fright, and bolts into the most ingenious web of adventure conceivable. We leave him as a bugler returned with a wound from the Peninsular Wars. He is a very genuine boy, though one wonders how and where he learned to write such admirable English as is shown in his autobiography. Hardly from the poetical matron of the foundling hospital, upon whose works the author most unjustifiably forgot to draw in his recent anthology of English poetry. Harry Revel suggests some of the notable characters of fiction: he reminds one now of Pip in "Great Expectations," now of a more virtuous Tom Jones moving through a cleaner world. But it is not so much his idiosyncrasies as his acquaintances that enchain the reader. Devon a century ago could show many an odd character—seamen, squires, spinsters, parsons—and Mr. Quiller-Couch has pressed the very pick of the bundle into his service. There is not much story, and we cannot, in a brief notice, do justice to a gallery of adventures. But we can, and do, most strongly recommend all who are capable of laughter, and yet can appreciate a breath of tragedy, to make the acquaintance of Harry Revel.

Mr. Conrad's tales of the sea and seafaring do not lack the necessary elements of adventure and humour, but all the lights and shades of his pictures are modified by profound thinking. His great elemental and emotional passages, indeed, come to us from behind a psychological veil: he views the strife of man and nature through the mind of his characters, and this removal by one degree, so to speak, from the plane of immediate perception demands from the reader a mood of peculiar attention and sympathy. It is useless to rush to Mr. Conrad for a story. Like Wordsworth, he has to be waited upon patiently and given his own time and his own way to complete his artistic effect. The result is of extraordinary power, and the impression, rightly taken, surprises by its ultimate vividness and permanency. The author has to do chiefly with persons of moderate gifts, possessed usually by a single passion. So in "Typhoon" Skipper MacWhirr knows only the duty of the moment, and, doing it, defies the fiercest fury of the China seas. Equal in intensity is the study of "Falk," where the familiar motif of a conscientious scruple restraining a man from marriage receives new and curious treatment. The accompanying touch of horror is, however, ingeniously palliated by the humour of the situation and the sympathy which the author arouses for his hero, at once a great ascetic and a great lover. Falk, the mysterious "centaur"—half boat, half man, Mr. Conrad conceives him as he stands on the bridge of his tug—is consumed by a great pure flame for a Teutonic Juno, and wins her by a doggedness akin to MacWhirr's. With "Amy Foster," another story of the present volume, our readers are already familiar from the pages of this Journal, where it first appeared. "Typhoon" is a book of magnificent originality.

Agnes and Egerton Castle share Mr. Austin Dobson's agreeable gift of perfuming printer's ink with lavender, of bringing back to a prosy world the fresh atmosphere of a life which went, so to speak, at stage-coach pace, and found leisure to enjoy the bloom upon a rose, the mellow roundness of good wine, the delight of sandalled, kerchiefed beauty tripping demurely across its road. Thus the story of "The Star-Dreamer," which is a good, wholesome, hearty one, with love and villainy and mystery duly mixed, is fascinating not because of these attractions alone, but because the spirit of the early nineteenth century, as conceived in a kindly mood, runs riot through its pages. "The Star-Dreamer" is a young man, the last of the Cheverals, who has retreated to his ancient home to seek, in contemplation of the stars, refuge from his memory of the treachery of friend and sister. He lives upon the summit of the ivy-shrouded keep, and his old kinsman, Simon Rickart, the "simpler," dwells in a vault-like laboratory at its base, as busy about his crucibles and retorts and little singing brews as Sir David Cheveral is engrossed by his star-gazing. To them, after ten years of seclusion, enters Master Simon's daughter; and forthwith the story begins to gather speed, running up hill and down dale towards the awakening of the Dreamer to life and love. The herb garden, from whence the old man culls his materials, permeates the book with its influence, and nowhere is

the authors' peculiar talent displayed to better advantage than in their description of the dawn of daylight and of love upon it, its thyme grown breast-high, its stimulating aroma in the air. A potion distilled from one of its herbs deals death at the last to the old simpler; but it brings healing to Sir David, and discomfiture to the enemy within his gates.

Mr. Max Pemberton has earned a reputation as a writer to count upon: he knows what his readers expect of him, and wisely does not disappoint them. He does not agree with the modern—and particularly American—method of sacrificing plot upon the altar of character, and though the whole of the personages figuring in his latest work are portrayed with considerable skill, he takes care that the effect of their doings is heightened by the provision of a plot that is both novel and ingenious. Dudley Hatton, a slave of business, a man old at thirty-seven, is rapidly breaking down under the mental strain necessitated by his gigantic dealings, and, at the persuasion of his most intimate friend, consults a specialist. The verdict is the worst—rest, a long rest, or the mad-house in six months. He goes home to tell his wife, the cold, unsympathetic Lady Hermione, who is in love neither with him nor with his affairs. She is unbelieving and frankly cynical. There is a quarrel. Hatton, half-unconscious, flings his wife from him and remembers nothing more. Early in the morning he goes to her room, and finds her on the floor—dead, with a strange bruise



DAPHNE TIED IT CUNNINGLY.

Reproduced from "The Gold Wolf," by permission of Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co.

on her throat. Then comes the fear, at times almost the certainty, that he has murdered her in a fit of temporary insanity; and the fear even becomes rumour in many mouths. From this beginning Mr. Pemberton weaves his romance with such skill that the tangled skein remains for long unravelled; and, playing upon curiosity, that most universal of human failings, succeeds in entertaining until the end of the story. The climax, steadily led up to, is marked by exceptional power, and holds the attention firmly. Altogether "The Gold Wolf" will certainly, and with far more justification than usual, be very popular. The captious may argue that the title is descriptive of the hero for but a brief portion of his career—during the greater part of the story Hatton is wolfish for love rather than for gold—but it will doubtless serve as a lodestone; and the more readers attracted, the greater the entertainment to humanity.

Mr. George Moore's new book, which the publisher, in a curious and surely uncalled-for series of remarks printed on the outside cover, modestly claims to be "an Irish *Comédie Humaine* in one volume," is apparently the outcome of certain studies in Celtic humanity lately made by the novelist in Ireland. The thirteen short stories which form its contents are each, with scarce an exception, deliberate and skilful attacks on the Irish priesthood, who the writer considers have brought about, by their despotic and powerful rule, so sombre a state of things that their Celtic flock, in a blind effort to escape from the puritanic rule of the priests, are emigrating by the hundred thousand to America, in order there to taste something of "the

joy of life." Mr. Moore has evidently striven hard to be absolutely and scrupulously fair to those on whom he lays so heavy a weight of condemnation; and in the striking sketch entitled "A Playhouse in the West," he gives a touching and beautiful picture of the devoted parish priest who, full of incurable optimism, evolves a quaint scheme for bringing prosperity to his parishioners. This episode is told with one of the rare touches of humour with which this melancholy book is enlivened. Here and there the writer betrays a lack of familiar knowledge of the religion which he regards as the great kill-joy of Ireland. This is particularly the case in the sketch wherein is described the interior of a convent. Mr. Moore's contention would be deserving of more respect were he able to prove that the Irish emigration which he so bitterly deplores is confined entirely to that portion of Ireland where the Roman Church holds sway. As a matter of fact, quite as many Irish Protestants and Ulstermen leave their native country each year as do those who come from the wholly priest-ridden districts.

In "Castle Omeragh" Mr. Frankfort Moore has a good story to tell, and tells it with a great deal of spirit, if not with any especial distinction. It opens with the massacre of Drogheda, the terrible scenes of which are recounted by two witnesses of them, who bring the news to Castle Omeragh, in Glen Omeragh, on the Atlantic coast in County Clare. One of these is a Captain Purdon, an officer in Clotworthy's regiment until Drogheda was taken by Cromwell, when the horrors of that event determined him to serve no longer under the Protector. He disappears for good early in the story; therein, as in other respects, unlike the other messenger of evil tidings, Father Mahony, the leading figure in all its stirring incidents of love and war. Castle Omeragh belongs to Sir Gilbert Fawcett, a descendant of an Englishman who had crossed the Channel with Sir Walter Raleigh and Edmund Spenser (not Spencer, by the way); an excellent Protestant, but a King's man, who, with his son Walter, holds his possession against the Roundheads. The particular interest of these two in the tidings brought by Captain Purdon and the marvellous Father is the fate of another son, Harry, who had gone north from Clare to share in the defence of the doomed town. Further than saying that he escapes the massacre, is shipped off to slavery in the Barbadoes, and escapes (with Finola O'Neill) a second time, to witness the defence of Clonmel by Finola's father, we will not disclose the adventures of Harry Fawcett. He is an engaging gallant—a more fitting figure in historical romance than his brother Walter, the narrator of their story, whom Mr. Moore, following a fashion that tends to become very wearisome, depicts as a somewhat soft, or, at any rate, dull, character, without any of the swagger that so well becomes the hero of such a tale.

"On Behalf of the Firm," story of business life though it is, differs widely from the American type now so popular. The "strenuous" corner-making American speculator, whose deeds of heroism are feats of the brain rather than of the body, and are done at the desk in Wall Street, or on the floor of the wheat-pit, is replaced by the young British pioneer-trader, carrying on his work in constant danger of his life, and doing his utmost to prove that "we of the great firms can stick up for our own as well as any man of the great services." The result is none the less excellent, and should satisfy the most exacting seeker after sensation. Mr. Hamilton Drummond's novel is essentially straightforward, in spite of the numerous suggestions of mystery, and the introduction of "guppies," the *Viens-Viens*, and the Vaudoux. It makes comparatively little pretence to involved plot or to microscopic characterisation. Its hero acts strictly according to precedent, possesses the customary characteristics of the useful and ornamental class to which he belongs, meets with his full meed of adventure, and in the end attains the greater number of his desires. Incident follows incident in orthodox manner, and it is amply proved that romance and commerce sometimes, at all events, walk hand in hand. The district chosen for the *mise-en-scène* is of distinct assistance in keeping the interest alive. San Domingo, Hayti, and Colon yield numerous opportunities. Mr. Drummond has recognised them to the full, and uses them to good end. Altogether, the perusal of this novel will well repay those who desire an easily read story of adventure.

Mr. Oppenheim would have made his entertaining novel more acceptable to purists if he had read up Constitutional law before writing it. It is a semi-political, semi-social story, and shows no minute knowledge of either politics or society. There are no glaring errors, however—though we fancy from his guarded language that he believes a peer's eldest son ineligible for the House of Commons—and few of his readers will scrutinise the work minutely. Three rather good illustrations by Mr. Oscar Wilson reveal amusingly that the illustrator has either not read or has forgotten the story. But this is usual enough. As a prince of sinners, Mr. Oppenheim's hero is disappointing: the Marquis of Arranmore is by no means, as the title would suggest, a male counterpart of the Worst Woman in London. Any critic might get through such a career of wife-desertion and mild dissipation without feeling that he had accomplished anything very remarkable. Lord Arranmore's excellent son, discarded and reclaimed, is in his sentimental experiences too much like a donkey between two bundles of hay to awaken deep sympathy; but his philanthropic experiences in the East End are amusing. The book is by no means mere melodrama.

THE SUSPENDED SOMALILAND CAMPAIGN: SCENES OF THE INTERRUPTED ADVANCE.

SKETCHES (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE EXPEDITION.



THE REARGUARD OF THE COLUMN PICKING UP STRAGGLERS ON THE MARCH: CAMEL-AMBULANCES IN THE BACKGROUND.



THE CAPTURE OF GALADI BY COLONEL KENNA ON MARCH 29.

THE SUSPENDED SOMALILAND CAMPAIGN: SCENES OF THE INTERRUPTED ADVANCE.

SKETCHES (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE EXPEDITION.



IN QUEST OF A MISSING MAN: A SEARCH-PARTY AT WORK IN THE BUSH.

Great anxiety has been felt at the loss of a Boer soldier, to find whom all efforts have been unavailing.



DRAWING WATER FROM AN EXTINCT VOLCANO NEAR GALKAYU.

The crater contained a subterranean lake. From the brim to the water the depth was 160 feet. The crater measured 200 feet across.

THE SUSPENDED SOMALILAND CAMPAIGN.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM A SKETCH BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE EXPEDITION.



A Boer Trooper.

BOER AND BRITON AT COLONEL KENNA'S CAPTURE OF GALADI, MARCH 29: THE ENEMY CAUGHT IN THE BUSH.

The Mullah's forces were caught in the mimosa bush and were hotly pressed by our troops. Mr. Prior has sketched a Punjab Mounted-Infantry man who, when his horse was disabled, charged the enemy on foot. A large number of our camels stampeded. Prominent among the combatants were members of the Boer contingent.

THE KING IN THE ITALIAN AND FRENCH CAPITALS.



THE KING'S ARRIVAL IN ROME: THE RECEPTION OF OFFICERS
IN THE ROYAL PAVILION AT THE RAILWAY STATION, APRIL 27.



THE KING RECEIVING AN ADDRESS FROM THE BRITISH COLONY
AT THE EMBASSY, ROME, APRIL 27.

DRAWINGS BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING HIS MAJESTY.

The address of the British Colony was read by Mr. Ceccarelli-Morgan, the British Consul. The deputation included Monsignor Slonor, representing the Roman Catholic clergy; the Rev. Howard Wright, of the English Church; and Dr. Gordon Gray, of the Scottish Church.



Photo, Chusseau Flavien.

THE KING'S ARRIVAL AT THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE STATION, MAY 1: HIS MAJESTY DRIVING AWAY WITH PRESIDENT LOUBET.

The King's arrival was awaited by the President and all the State functionaries. His Majesty at once recognised M. Loubet, and greeted him warmly. The King wore the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour.

THE KING IN PARIS: SCENES OF THE ENTHUSIASTIC FRENCH WELCOME.



THE CLOSE OF KING EDWARD'S VISIT TO THE ELYSÉE, MAY 1: HIS MAJESTY ENTERING THE GALA-COACH OF THE BRITISH EMBASSY.
The distance from the Embassy to the Elysée, the French President's official residence, is only about 200 yards. The King drove in the Ambassadorial gala-coach, escorted by a detachment of Cuirassiers.



THE GREAT MILITARY REVIEW AT VINCENNES, MAY 2: KING EDWARD AND PRESIDENT LOUBET ARRIVING ON THE PARADE GROUND.
The King wore Field-Marshal's uniform, covered by a gray mantle. On his arrival at the review ground, his Majesty was received with an artillery salute, the British National Anthem, and the "Marseillaise."

Photo. Chusseau Flavien.



THE KING'S MAY DAY RECEPTION IN PARIS: HIS MAJESTY AND PRESIDENT LOUBET PASSING DOWN THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES ON THEIR WAY TO THE BRITISH EMBASSY.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN PARIS.

The most magnificent ovation was accorded to the King as he and President Loubet, escorted by Cuirassiers, drove from the railway station to the Embassy. Many English people were in Paris, and British "Hurrahs!" were blended with the cries of "Vive le Roi!" which excellent Republicans raised in all cordiality and good conscience.

THE KING'S VISIT TO PARIS: THE FRENCH PEOPLE'S ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME.



Photo. Wallon, Paris.

THE SUPREME MOMENT OF THE GREAT REVIEW AT VINCENNES, MAY 2. KING EDWARD SALUTING THE FRENCH REGIMENTAL FLAGS.

Enthusiastic shouts of "Vive le Roi" were heard as his Majesty stood up to salute the flags of the French regiments. The figures in the photograph are: On the King's right—The President of the Senate, the Assistant Ambassador, and M. Gaudes; on the left—M. Loubet, the President of the Chamber, and the British Ambassador.



Photo. Pierre Petit.

AFTER THE GREETING OF MUNICIPAL PARIS: HIS MAJESTY LEAVING THE HÔTEL DE VILLE, MAY 2.

At the Hôtel de Ville the King was welcomed by the President of the Municipal Council and the Prefect of the Seine, who presented addresses. His Majesty afterwards signed a record of his visit.

EVENTS OF THE DAY AT HOME AND ABROAD.



THE VILLAGE OF FRANK, OVERWHELMED BY THE SLIDING OF THE TURTLE MOUNTAIN.



THE JEBRO MINE AND TURTLE MOUNTAIN, WHICH SLID AND OVERWHELMED THE VILLAGE OF FRANK.

THE GREAT LAND SLIDE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA, APRIL 29: THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER.

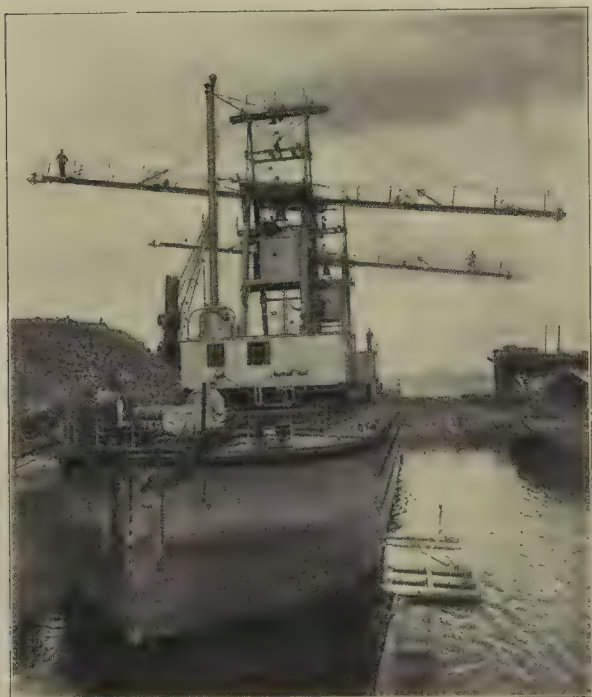


Photo. Cribb.

A FLOATING COAL MINE: A "HAULABOUT," FROM WHICH TWO WAR-SHIPS CAN BE COALED AT ONCE.

THE small coal-mining village of Frank, on the fringes of the Rocky Mountains, was overwhelmed by the slipping of the Turtle Mountain, which overhung the little township. At first it was thought that the catastrophe was due to volcanic influence, but what was taken for the smoke of a volcano was really a cloud of dust. The whole northern face of the Turtle Mountain fell away, burying the village and coal-mines under millions of tons of rock. Many dwelling-houses were destroyed, and eighty-three persons, including fifteen women and a like number of children, perished. The railway-lines were covered with rock to a depth of 40 ft.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO HULL: THE PROPOSED PUBLIC HALL, OF WHICH THE PRINCESS OF WALES WILL LAY THE FOUNDATION-STONE.



THE POPE'S PRIVATE APARTMENTS: THE THRONE-ROOM, USED AS AN ANTE-CHAMBER.



THE POPE'S PRIVATE APARTMENTS: THE LIBRARY, IN WHICH THE INTERVIEW WITH THE KING TOOK PLACE.

THE KING'S VISIT TO ROME: SCENES OF THE VATICAN RECEPTION



A SWISS REVENGE ON THE INCLEMENT SEASON: THE ANNUAL BURNING OF THE EFFIGY OF WINTER AT ZURICH.

Burning Winter in effigy is an old Swiss custom celebrated by a procession at the beginning of summer. This year Winter was represented by a large figure of a snow man drawn by a pair of horses on a decorated car. The procession was formed by girls dressed picturesquely in the original costumes of the Swiss Cantons.



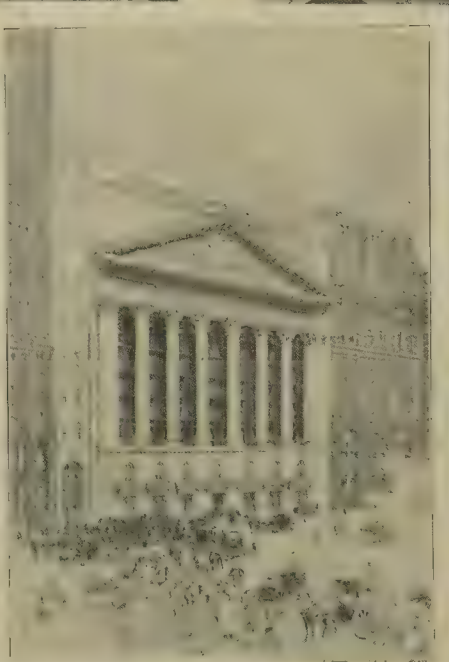
THE SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS.



THE GOVERNING COMMITTEE ROOM.



THE "FLOOR" AND INDICATOR-BOARD.



THE
MAIN
FRONT



THE ENTRANCE TO THE SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS, SHOWING THE MASSIVE DOOR.

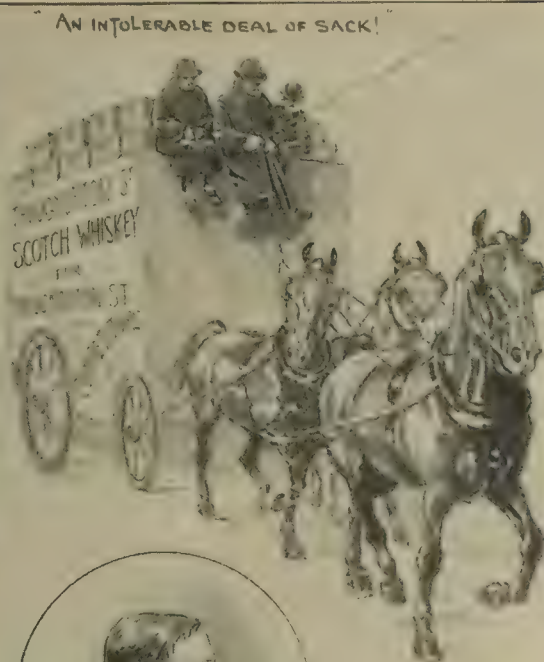
THE FUTURE HOME OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE, TO BE OPENED IN AUTUMN.

FOUR PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRANTHAM BAIN, NEW YORK.

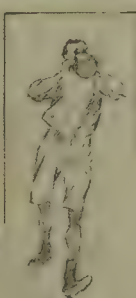
The new building in Broad Street is constructed of white marble and steel. It occupies the site of the former Western Union Buildings. The cost is estimated at £500,000, the land value of the site being about £30 per square foot.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE MAY DAY WALK FROM WESTMINSTER TO BRIGHTON.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON THE ROUTE; PHOTOGRAPH BY HOWDEN.



"WHAT DOES SEW ON THAT FLAG MEAN?"
"SOUTH EAST WIND, I SHOULD THINK"



MR E. BROAD THE WINNER



MR BROAD PASSING MR NICHOLAS AT THE BOTTOM OF HANDCROSS HILL



UP HILL AND DOWN DALE WITH THE COMPETITORS.

In spite of most inclement weather, the Stock Exchange walk from Westminster to Brighton was marked by some excellent times. The winner, Mr. Broad, completed the distance in 9 h. 30 min. 1 sec.; Mr. G. D. Nicholas took 9 h. 33 min. 42 sec.; and Mr. Hammond 9 h. 35 min. 7 sec. Of the starters, no fewer than seventy-eight finished within thirteen hours, and as many as seventy-two within twelve hours. Mr. Nicholas led to Handcross Hill, where he was passed by Mr. Broad. The winner would doubtless have done even better time had his movements not been hampered by the enthusiastic crowd at Brighton. One competitor wore a silk hat and frock coat for a bet of some £250.

RALPH CLEAVER 1903

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The story of the pearl fisheries of Ceylon has lately been told by Professor W. A. Herdman, of Liverpool, who was dispatched by our Government in 1901 for the purpose of reporting upon the industry at large, and on the condition of the oyster-banks which yield the jewels. Of the antiquity of the pearl as a valued ornament, little mention need be made. From very early times the pearl came to the front as a valuable decorative unit. The famous pearls of Cleopatra are said to have come from Aripu, which is situated on the Gulf of Manaar, and is a centre, if not the chief seat, of the diving industry. From 1505 to 1655, it appears, the Portuguese owned the fisheries, and then succeeded a Dutch period, extending from 1655 to 1796. The English occupation dates from the latter period or about the end of the eighteenth century. Dr. Herdman remarks that under every administration the great feature of the pearl industry has been its uncertainty.

Thus between 1732 and 1746 no fishing was practised under the Dutch. So also between 1768 and 1796 there exists a blank period. A failure of supply took place from 1820 to 1828, and from 1837 to 1884. From 1887 to 1891 there were fat years contrasting with the lean, but there has been no return, Dr. Herdman adds, for the last decade. Speculation has been rife regarding the cause of the failures, but the results have been largely barren. It was evident that investigation into the nature and value of what must be regarded as an extremely important national asset was demanded. The inquiry was directed mainly to the investigation of the causes leading to the want of the shellfish. The number of pearls in the oysters was not the chief point involved. It was rather the complete disappearance of the pearl oyster, which formed the problem Dr. Herdman and his *confrère* had to solve. The pearl oyster itself, it may be remarked, is not a true oyster—that is, it does not belong to the special family which presents the edible mollusc as a typical member. Pearls, however, occur in another group of shellfish—the fresh-water mussels, to wit. It was this discovery which practically depleted the Scottish rivers of their mussel-population, and killed the proverbial goose which afforded the valued eggs.

It is curious to observe that, as in the case of the diamond, which is only crystallised carbon or blacklead, pearls exhibit a humility of origin which stands out in striking contrast to their intrinsic worth. For the pearl is an unnatural, or we might almost call it a diseased, product. In this column some time ago I gave an account of the researches of Dr. Jameson, who had shown that each pearl had for its nucleus, or starting-point of formation, a parasitic worm, or of its young form, or embryo. Formerly it was regarded as a common occurrence that the pearl owed its origin to the presence under the "mantle" of the oyster (the skin which envelops the animal and lines the shell) of some concretion in the shape of a minute grain of sand. Dr. Herdman tells us his experience negatives this view, or, at any rate, places the sand nucleus in the position of a very infrequent occurrence. If the shell be injured, and sand gains access to the interior, pearl-formation around a sand-grain may then be possible; but by far the greater number of the pearls found lying free in the oysters owe their being, as I have said, to the presence of parasitic worms. The real nature of the process which gives us a pearl is the deposition around the little foreign body of the pearly substance of the shell-lining, secreted by the "mantle" aforesaid. Perhaps this is an attempt on the part of the animal to lessen or abolish the irritation which a foreign particle must set up within the living tissues.

Dubois, a French investigator, remarks that the most beautiful of pearls is thus, in effect, only the brilliant tomb of a worm. This is a happy way of stating a scientific truth. Dr. Herdman found the history of the worm-parasites which give origin to pearls of a remarkably interesting kind. A variety of parasitic worms infest the oysters, the most frequent "guest" of the oyster host being the young form of a worm allied to the tapeworms. Later on in its history, this worm is found inhabiting the file-fish (*Balistes mitis*). This fish, it so happens, feeds on the oysters, and it would seem, therefore, that it does to a certain extent add to its depredations by infesting them with parasites, if even thereby it causes them to rise as articles of value in the estimation of human-kind. The full-grown worm, it is thought, inhabits sharks or others of that family circle, and as they devour the file-fish they are infected from the larvæ of the worms which we have noted the latter fishes to contain.

The main causes of failure of the pearl fishery, Dr. Herdman tells us, are due to what we may call cosmical causes, that are beyond the reach of man in the way of remedy. There is, first of all, no lack of supply of young. The oysters are prolific enough. "Spat" is produced in quantity sufficient to stock the beds over and over again. It is the configuration of the ground they live on, and the exposure to the south-west monsoon, which represent the leading features in the agencies that war against their prosperity. Since 1880, we are told, the Periya Paar, or leading bank, has been restocked by nature at least eleven times without giving any results in the way of a fishery. These causes of failure cannot be removed, Dr. Herdman says, but may to some extent be avoided. There will require to be undertaken large and comprehensive measures directed with the purpose of cultivating and regulating the adult population of the beds. This will give greater constancy to the supply, and tend to diminish the marked variations in the fishery success which we have noted have formed such prominent features of the industry for so many years.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

L. C. T. (Delhra Dun, India).—Here are the solutions you inquire about. No. 2520, 1. Kt to K 7th; No. 2531, 1. Q to R 8th; No. 2535, 1. K to R sq; No. 2536, 1. K to Q 6th; No. 2537, 1. Kt to Q 5th; No. 2690, 1. Q to B 8th; No. 2691, 1. Kt to Q 5th; No. 2697, 1. K to B 7th; No. 2698, 1. Q to Q Kt 3rd; No. 2715, 1. Kt to B 3rd; No. 2729, 1. Kt to Q 8th; No. 2795, 1. B to B sq; No. 2787, 1. Q to Kt 3rd; No. 2801, 1. Kt to Q 8th; No. 2813, 1. Kt to Kt 5th; and No. 2961, 1. R to R 4th.

JEFF ALLEN, G. STILLINGFLEET JOHNSON, AND MARTIN F.—We agree with your estimate of Mr. Max Feigl's problem. It is a masterly composition.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3070 received from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 3071 from L. C. T. (Delhra Dun, India) and Banarsi Das; of No. 3073 from C. M. M. (San Bernardino, California); of No. 3076 from F. W. Atchinson (Crowthorne), Charles Burnett, F. J. Candy (Tunbridge Wells), F. B. (Worthing), Paul Maschke (Crowthorne), and G. T. Hughes (Dublin); of No. 3077 from Jeff J. Allen (Tenby), A. G. (Pancsova), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), and Shadforth.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3078 received from W. D. Easton (Sunderland), Joseph Cook (Harrogate), H. Le Jeune, Martin F., Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), W. F. (Edinburgh), Shadforth, F. J. Candy (Tunbridge Wells), F. Henderson (Leeds), Charles Burnett, Twynan (Kyde), I. Roberts, Charles E. Robson (Saffron Walden), R. Worters (Canterbury), H. W. Bender (Maidenhead), J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), Hereward, Fire Plug (Newport), H. S. Brandreth (Weybridge), F. R. Pickering (Forest Hill), Sorrento, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), J. W. (Campsie), J. F. G. Pieterse (Kingswinford), Albert Wolff (Putney), Reginald Gordon, Edith Corser (Reigate), F. B. (Worthing), F. J. S. (Hampstead), F. Craven (Clifton), and G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3077.—By MAX FEIGL.

WHITE.

1. B to R 3rd
2. Q to K 4th (ch)
3. Q or B mates.

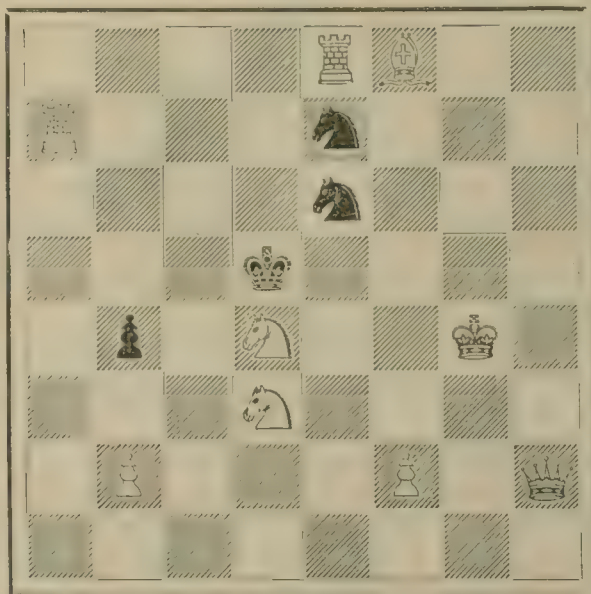
BLACK.

- P to Kt 6th
- P takes Q, or K moves.

If Black play 1. P takes B, 2. Q to R 8th; and if 1. P to B 3rd, 2. P takes P, etc.

PROBLEM No. 3080.—By A. W. MONGREDIEN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves

CHESS BY CABLE.

Game played in the International Match between M. SIRS, BILLINGHAM (England) and H. YMES (America).

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	29. K to R 5th	Q to B 4th (ch)
2. P to Q 4th	P to K 3rd	30. K to R sq	R to K Kt sq
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	31. P to K R 3rd	R takes P
4. B to Kt 5th	B to K 2nd	32. R to K B sq	Q to K Kt 4th
5. P to K 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd	33. Q to B 5th (ch)	Q takes Q
6. Kt to B 3rd	Castles		
7. B to Q 3rd	P to Q 4th		
8. Castles	P to Q Kt 3rd		
9. Q to K 2nd	B to Kt 2nd		
10. K R to Q sq	R to B sq		
11. Kt to K 5th	Q takes P		
12. B takes P	Kt takes Kt		
13. P takes Kt			
14. Kt takes Kt	Kt to Q 4th		
15. B takes B	Q takes B		
16. B takes P	K R to Q sq		
17. P to K 4th	R to Q 2nd		
18. B takes B	R takes B		
19. R to Q 5th	P to B 5th		
20. Q R to Q sq	K R to B 2nd		
21. P to B 4th	P to K R 3rd		
22. P to B 5th	P to B 6th		
23. P takes P	R takes P		
24. Q to Kt 4th	R to B 8th		
25. P to B 6th	R takes R (ch)		
26. R takes R	Q to B sq		
27. P to K 6th	P takes P		
28. Q takes K P (ch)	K to R 2nd		
29. P takes P			

Black appears to have miscalculated the effect of White's tenth move, as will be seen presently.

It is this unmasking of the Rook's attack on the Queen's side that seems to upset Black's combination. White really obtains a winning advantage from this point.

The handling of these Pawns is admirable. All Black's moves are forced, and he can do nothing against them.

It seems to play his opponent's game to allow the exchange of Queens to be forced, especially as the Pawn position scarcely holds out any hopes of a draw. But there is so little choice.

A pretty finish to a fine contest. Of course R takes R would also win, but this was at once more simple and much neater.

CHESS IN MONTE CARLO.

Game played between Messrs. MILES and WOLF.

(Centre Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. B takes Kt	B takes B
2. P to Q 4th	P takes P	13. Kt takes B	R takes Kt
3. P to Q B 3rd	P to Q 4th	14. Q takes B P	Q to K Kt 4th
4. K P takes P	Q takes P	15. B takes B (ch)	Q takes B
5. P takes P	Q Kt to B 3rd	16. Q R to B sq	R to Q 2nd
6. K Kt to B 3rd	B to K Kt 5th	17. Q to K 3rd	Kt to R 4th
7. B to K 2nd	Castles	18. P to K R 3rd	Q to Kt 3rd
8. Kt to B 3rd	Q to Q R 4th	19. Kt to R 4th	Q to Q 6th
9. B to K 3rd	B to B 4th	20. R to B 3rd	Q to Q 4th
10. Castles	Kt to B 3rd	21. Q to R 3rd	Kt to B 5th
11. Q to Kt 3rd	Kt takes P	22. Kt to Kt 6th (ch)	Resigns.

Black emerges from the opening with a fairly level game. There is usually, however, some risk in Castling on Queen's side, and here it comes home later in curious fashion.

Strangely oblivious to his King's danger, K to Kt sq would have sufficed to stop everything and left White without any serious attack.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from abroad, be marked on the back with the name of the sender, as well as with the title of the subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for. The Editor will be pleased to consider Column Articles on subjects of immediate interest, but he cannot assume responsibility for MSS. or Sketches submitted. MSS. of Poetry can on no account be returned.

DANTE.

The presentation of Dante as a visible hero of a modern play reminds us of the paradox that Dante is one of the vaguest real figures in all history and yet one of the most intimately known poets in the whole annals of literature.

The greatest poet of Italy was also the first great poet of the second civilisation of the world. Antiquity had died corrupt; the smoke, or rather the dust, of the destruction of the Roman power—the dust that rose from the tramp of the barbarians, the dust that rose from the demolition of the city of Rome—and the gloom of the North, fresh and full of the promise of health as it was, but sombre and stormy, brought by the Goths from the forest—all had made the darkness of the "dark ages," and that darkness was passing away under a new daybreak; the Renaissance, if we call the renewal of art (a distinctively Christian movement) by that name, had set in, and one great art—architecture—was in the midst of its solitary reign; but the Renaissance, if we give the name to the return to antiquity, was not yet in sight. In that age, the illustrious thirteenth century, Dante was born. A pure "vulgar tongue" was needed for the new literature, and because Dante and Petrarch were born Tuscans, the Tuscan language became the literary language of Italy. Of all the dialects of the peninsula (and Lombardy by itself counts many) it has the greatest dignity, and has trained its speakers in the most orderly rules of grammar. Dante partly found and partly made this Tuscan rhythmical. His numbers, his scansion, his accents, his use of syllables—and especially his treatment of vowel-sounds, which is peculiar to Italian verse—his system of lines and his system of rhymes, have made laws for all Italian poets. Intricate, elaborate, numerous, and severe beyond the metrical laws of most languages, and far beyond any to which the poetry of England would submit, the rules of the verse of Dante and Petrarch have been broken, for the first time, with the consent of such authorities on literary Italian as there are, in our own day; and it is more than probable that they will be yet restored in all their force.

Dante was rather a great Florentine than a great Italian, though, as has already been suggested, he, in a sense, made Florence Italy. He was passionately a man of party in the city of party, and his political convictions were broader and deeper than the factions to which he dedicated them. Modern commentators have tried to reduce the parties of Florence broadly to the Imperial and the Papal, so that the modern reader might make shift to "take sides"; but Ghibelline and Guelph, Bianchi and Neri, Cerchi and Donati, did not divide Tuscany so simply. Perhaps no contemporary nations can ever succeed in taking part in each other's internal politics; and in the case of the Florence of 1300 we have not only the confusions of sub-division, the complications of intersection, and the misapprehension of foreign things, but also the mists of time; and the objects of Dante's first political mission, the cause of the anger against him of both parties, the Florentine decree of death or banishment, the reason of the hostility of Venice, when he was refused as an envoy from Ravenna to the Adriatic city—all is not a little indistinct. Compared with the mists of Dante's public life as we know it, the definiteness, the intensity of our knowledge of the life of the poet, the theologian, and the lover is almost startling. His two great works—the "Divina Commedia," which, in part at least, everybody reads, and the "Vita Nuova," which comparatively few study—tell us the whole of Dante's profound and passionate heart.

The great Italian poet discovered his vocation when he was eighteen; not that vocation to the Franciscan Order which some readers of the "Vita Nuova" have fancied was at one time his, but the vocation to that other life of renunciation, the poet's. Instant recognition he won, delightful when it came from lovers of literature, dangerous when it was given by political opponents. He had to bear fines, exiles, false charges, but it is surely poetical justice by which a Dante Chair has been founded by Pope Leo XIII. to encourage the study of the works which his predecessors frowned upon. Dante's own life was not lacking in paradox. The founder of a school of poets devoted to what is popularly called Platonic affection, he himself gave his love to one inaccessible even to his hopes—Beatrice, who became the wife of Simone dei Bardi, a fashionable and prosperous banker. The reader between the lines may discover the moment at which the young poet dedicated himself to the pure mental and spiritual worship of his Madonna, and in this mood he has been followed by a memorable group of English poets. Dante Rossetti has derived from him in something more than in name, so that the Florentine has been singularly fortunate in his Chelsea interpreter. Dante's own married life began about five years after the death of Beatrice. That he had straying affections his words are called in witness to prove. "So low he fell," he says of himself; but then others have said so much of themselves with little enough reason. The reproaches addressed to him by Beatrice when he meets her on Lethe's banks, two Dante experts explain as allusions to his neglect of theological studies; but a better insight is shown by a third, who says: "The dark wood in which he wandered, led by the world and the flesh, was that of sensual passion and moral aberration for awhile from the light of reason and the beauty of righteousness." On the sixth terrace of the Mountain of Purgatory, Dante reminds the soul of Forese Donati of the follies of both in their youth. Without taking self-reproach too literally, we may conclude that Dante had something of which he felt called upon to repent, and did repent about midway in this mortal life. For him that life closed far short of the limit of seventy years. He died at Ravenna. It gives us a sense of the terrible seriousness of those days to remember that he lived for a time and died at last under the protection of Guido da Polenta, whose daughter Francesca the solemn guest, and no doubt the host with him, believed to be in Hell.

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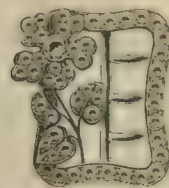


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CITY (Facing the Mansion House)—
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LADIES' PAGES.

Many movements and charities have received the patronage of Princess Christian, but the Royal School of Art Needlework has benefited by enjoying this benevolent and capable Princess's chief and unceasing interest, and her fostering care has been rewarded, as might have been expected from her great influence, by a continuous record of growing success. The beautiful new building at South Kensington, which was opened on April 29 by the Prince and Princess of Wales, has cost £52,000, of which the whole but the last £3000 is raised. It is a handsome building, an ornament to its position (which is in the immediate neighbourhood of the Imperial Institute), and eminently suited for its purpose. An interesting exhibition of modern art needlework is the first display to be given there, and it shows that the women of to-day have not lost the skill in the use of the specially feminine implement which made their ancestresses distinguished. The exhibition has been arranged by the Company of Broderers, who offered prizes for modern needlework of all kinds to the value of £250. The response astonished even those who know what the modern revival of this old feminine art has been under the fostering care of Princess Christian and the encouragement of the late Queen, her present Majesty, and other ladies. The Broderers' Company is an old City guild which has existed through many centuries. Its charter-deeds date back to Tudor times.

We know from the Bible that the ancient Jewish women embroidered splendid vestments for the Tabernacle that was set up in the Wilderness, and we see from the Egyptian relics that still remain that the Hebrews had learned this charming art, as they did so much else, in that cradle of all knowledge—ancient Egypt. The Egyptians knew how to spin solid gold into thread so fine that it could be used for embroidery, and the King and his noblemen, as well as the wealthy ladies, had their clothing elegantly worked with the needle. The Egyptian Queens had very large allowances for their personal decoration. Diodorus says that the Queen of King Moeris had assigned to her for pin-money the revenue derived from the canal connected with the lake now called by the King's name. This dowry was expressly stated to be for the purchase of jewels, ointments for the toilet, and dresses, and was worth £70,000 a year in our money, besides which the Queen had the revenues from a big city that was famous for its wines. Even the sails of the pleasure-boats of the King and his nobles in ancient Egypt were embroidered with flowers and fanciful devices. This is what Ezekiel refers



A BLACK AND WHITE EVENING GOWN.

to when he speaks of "fine linen with embroidery-work from Egypt, which thou spreadest forth to be thy sail." Everybody has heard of the Bayeux tapestry, on which the Conqueror's wife and her ladies worked the story of the conquest of England by the Normans. But even before that, in earlier Saxon times, it is on record that the embroidery of the English women was so skilful and beautiful that it was famous all over the Continent, and the Popes would command it for altar-cloths and vestments to present to various churches. Needlework was so much admired all through the Middle Ages that in some of the old ballads we read that wandering damsels could get themselves received and cherished in noble families solely by displaying great skill in this much-admired art. During the days of chivalry, the knight's surcoat was usually embroidered with the coat-of-arms of his family and other devices, and displayed across it a scarf, the gift of his lady-love, bearing her device, and usually embroidered for him by her own fair hands. It sounds curious enough to learn that instead of a scarf the ladies sometimes gave a portion of their attire to be worn on the helmets of their knights, and that very often it was a sleeve that was thus employed for a love token. Elaine gave Sir Lancelot "a sleeve of scarlet well embroidered with great pearls." How differently must the sleeves have been attached to the robes from those of to-day! But probably they were merely under-sleeves, and not those which were set into the shoulder of the dress.

Tudor times were particularly famous for needle-craft. Queen Elizabeth delighted in having her own dresses embroidered in the richest and most elaborate manner. In Lord Salisbury's portrait of the Queen, which has descended to him from his ancestor, Elizabeth's great Minister, the big sleeves bear a serpent, no doubt to hint at her wisdom; and all over the dress there are embroidered ears and eyes, to indicate that she could hear and see all that was done amidst her people. The learned and great Queen herself was an accomplished needlewoman; many an old residence has specimens of her skill. Elizabeth's victim, too—or, rather, the victim of the peculiar circumstances of the moment—poor Mary Stuart, devoted

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herself during her long captivity to needlework. In her letters, collected with such loving care by Prince Labanoff, and filling eleven large volumes, one comes again and again upon her plea to her friends in France to procure and forward to her the materials for the work which was her occupation and solace. There is also a letter from a nobleman who visited her at Tutbury, telling that, in answer to his question of how she passed her time, the captive Queen of Scots replied that "All the day she wrought with her needle, and that the diversity of the colours made the work seem less tedious. She continued so long at it till very pain made her give over." A most beautiful piece of embroidery done by her came to light about half a century ago in all its pristine freshness, having been concealed in a most extraordinary manner. A beautiful robe of hers, covered with gold and pearl embroidery on the front, had been handed down intact during nearly three centuries. Its latest owner decided to unpick it in order to preserve the needlework more carefully, and behold! there was found an exquisite piece of embroidery concealed between the lining and the outer fabric. It was evidently designed for an apron or skirt-front, being a piece of royal-purple satin about thirty inches square, embroidered round three sides, the corner-pieces being wider and more elaborate than the rest; there were also strips of embroidery, evidently intended for pockets on the apron, and a strip for a belt. The design was of flowers and leaves, and the colours were beautifully shaded after nature; the stitch used was a "knotted stitch," which has long gone out of use, it is so slow and difficult to execute. She wrote sadly in one of her letters to the Ambassador in France: "I pray you not to forget my silks, for without my embroidery-frame I have nothing to do but weep and pray." Probably, had she been deprived of this occupation, in which she could divert her mind from her sad story by the exercise of taste and fancy, the unhappy lady might not have preserved her reason. Mary worked many articles of dress as presents to Elizabeth, who surely might have been touched by the memory of her own days of captivity in her youth; for in the Bodleian Library there is a book, one of the Epistles of Paul, bound in embroidery worked by herself, and bearing on the front page an inscription in her handwriting, thus: "I walk many times into the pleasant fields of the Holy Scriptures, where I pluck up the goodliesome herbs of sentences; eat them by reading; chew them by musing; and lay them up at length in memory, that, so having tasted sweetness, I may the less perceive the bitterness of this miserable life." The royal ladies of the present day, therefore, in their interest in embroidery, are only following in the footsteps of their illustrious predecessors.

Both the great Private Views, the Academy and the New Gallery, were exceptionally smart this year. The Academy, it is worthy of remark, had fewer theatrical people than used to be the case a few years ago. White, cream, and pale grey were the prevailing



A PRETTY SPRING COSTUME.

colours worn. Lady Newton had a particularly pretty grey gown of the palest dove tint, the fabric face-cloth, and the trimming abundance of Irish lace. Lady Blomfield wore grey in the form of glacé silk, the cut Princess-fashion, the shaping at the waist accomplished by many tiny tucks. It was trimmed with waving bands of grey velvet ribbon, and finished with a stylish pelerine of grey chiffon. Lady Murray wore "champagne" (last year it would have been called "biscuit") crêpe-de-Chine, with lovely Venetian point round the foot of the skirt and rising upward in pointed designs to above knee-height. Mrs. George Alexander, who is always conspicuously beautifully attired, wore a "champagne" éolienne with medallions of Maltese lace round the skirt, and forming a line between two sets of gaugings at the waist. There was a belt of mauve brocade laced across with mauve cord; and a pelerine of the material with a collar of old Oriental embroidery. Mrs. Reeves ("Helen Mathers") wore cream cloth with leaves in cream velvet appliqué. Miss Braddon was simply attired in black brocade with a velvet sac coat and an ermine pelerine. Of the lady artists, the most noticed were Mrs. Henrietta Rae, whose beautiful new picture has a place of honour at the end of the suite of rooms, and who wore black voile with medallions of white lace; and Mrs. Jopling, in blue cloth trimmed with green passementerie. Mrs. J. M. Barrie wore a wintry confection of brown cloth trimmed with fur and bands of spotted velvet. Black glacé was frequently seen. Large lace collars and fancy pelerines were much to be seen; hats were greatly trimmed at the back, and feathers appeared on the smartest ones.

Our Illustrations show an evening dress of white chiffon trimmed with black lace; and a walking dress in light voile with lace medallions.

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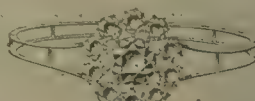
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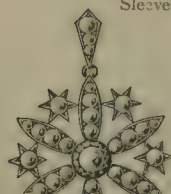
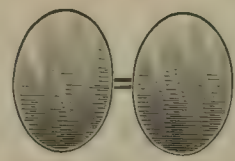
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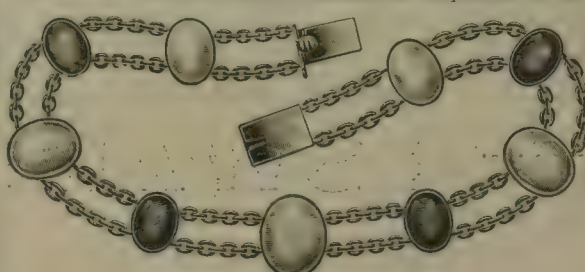
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 23, 1898), with two codicils (dated Feb. 23, 1898, and Oct. 19, 1900), of Mr. Samuel Palmer, of Northcourt, Hampstead, one of the founders of Messrs. Huntley and Palmer, of London and Reading, biscuit manufacturers, who died on April 9, was proved on April 26 by Mrs. Mary Jane Palmer, the widow; and Samuel Ernest Palmer, Charles Herbert Palmer, and William Howard Palmer, the sons, the value of the estate being £973,749. The testator bequeaths £10,000, and the income for life from £100,000, and the use of his residence to his wife; all his interest and capital in Messrs. Huntley and Palmer to his sons Samuel Ernest, Charles Herbert, Albert John, and William Howard; £10,000 each to his daughters Florence Mary and Norah Constance; £70,000 each, in trust, for his four daughters; £1000 each to his four daughters-in-law; £100 each to his grandchildren; £1000 to Mary Manning Watts; £100 to Joseph Leete; £100 each to Frederick Barlow Marsh and Ethel Mary Norris; and an annuity of £50 to Mary Turner. He further bequeathed £500 each to the North London Hospital for Consumption, the Reedham Orphanage (Purley), the London Orphan Asylum (Watford), the Royal Hospital for Incurables (Putney), the British Orphan Home (Slough), the St. John's Wood and Portland Town Dispensary, the Orphan Working School



TO THE MEMORY OF LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY VOLUNTEERS WHO FELL IN SOUTH AFRICA: TABLET IN THE HALL OF EUSTON STATION, UNVEILED BY LORD ROBERTS, APRIL 23.

The tablet, cast in relief, has been placed by the company on the first landing in the large hall at the Euston terminus, in memory of their fallen men. It measures 7 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft., and fits the sunk horizontal panel in the wall. The founders were Messrs. Hart, Son, Peard, and Co., Limited, of London and Birmingham.

(Haverstock Hill), and the School for Teaching the Blind to Read (Avenue Road, N.W.); £1000 for distribution among the persons in the employ of Huntley and Palmer at Reading; £50 to the sick fund at the works; and legacies to travellers and clerks in London. The residue of his property he leaves to his sons.

The will (dated June 14, 1898) of Mr. Thomas Gliddon Northam, of Wick House, Durdham Park, Bristol, who died on Jan. 18, has been proved by Mrs. Sarah Jane Northam, the widow, the value of the estate amounting to £125,432. Subject to an annuity of £50 to his housekeeper, the testator leaves all his property to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Sept. 3, 1890) of Mr. Daniel James Callard, of The Eagles, Highgate, and Dukes Road, St. Pancras, who died on March 6, was proved on April 27 by Ralph Callard and James Percy Callard, the sons, and Frederick King, the executors, the value of the estate being £99,570. Subject to legacies of £11,000 each to his daughters Charlotte and Alice Susan, the testator leaves all his property in equal shares to his four children, Ralph, James Percy, Charlotte, and Alice Susan. Mrs. Callard, the widow, is provided for by settlement.

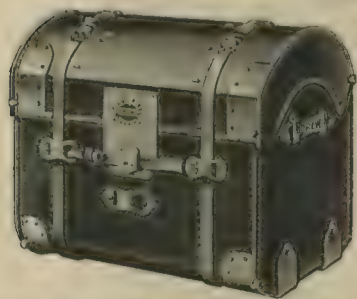
The will (dated Sept. 6, 1899), with a codicil (dated Nov. 29, 1902), of Mr. Charles Gilbert Master, C.S.I., of



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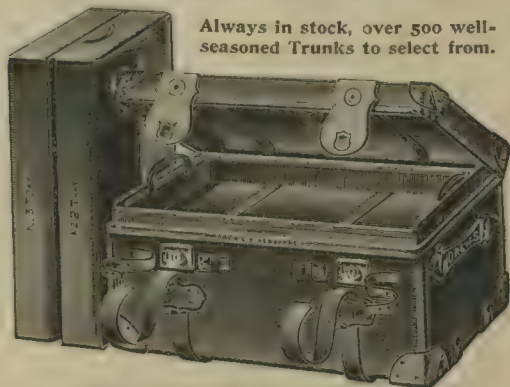
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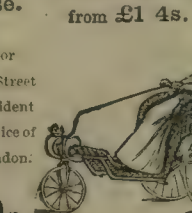
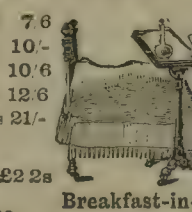
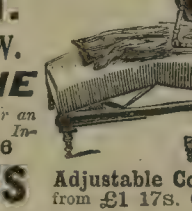
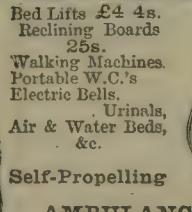
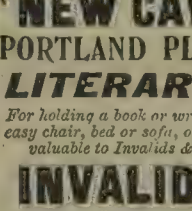
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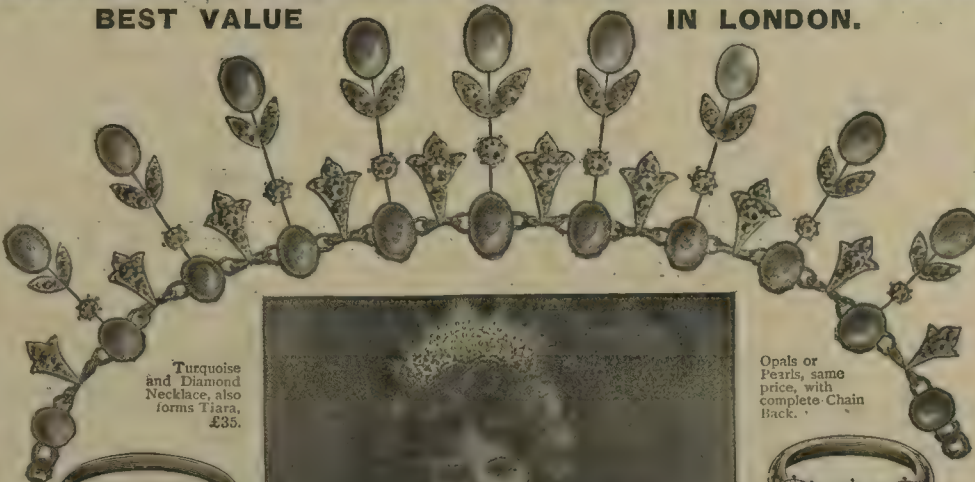
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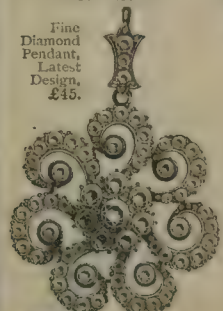
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25, Oxford Square, W., and Earlsridge, Redhill, who died on March 9, was proved on April 18 by Robert Edward Master, the brother, and Charles Onslow Master, the son, the value of the estate being sworn at £59,301. The testator bequeaths £800 to the East London Institution for Home and Foreign Missions (Harley House, Bow); £100 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Earlswood Asylum for Idiots, and the Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen; £50 each to the Christian Literature Society for India, the Anglo-Indian Evangelisation Society, Miss Reade's Mission (South India), and Mrs. Firth's School (Madras); £300 to his wife; £100 each to his grandchildren; £100 each to his brothers and sisters and his sister-in-law; and £50 each to his executors. His residuary estate is to be held in trust for Mrs. Master for life, and then in equal shares for his children.

The will (dated Jan. 27, 1903) of Mr. John Herbert Secker, of Hangmoor, Virginia Water, who died on March 1, was proved on April 27 by Mrs. Diana Louise Secker, the widow, and Walter Herbert Noel Secker, the son, the value of the estate being £51,985. The testator gives the land at Drayton, Southampton, to his

sister Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Thistlewayte; £2000 to his daughter Mary Diana Sybil Margaret Secker; £250 to his brother George Hart Secker; £50 to his son Walter; and £300, the household effects, and during her widowhood the use of his residence, and one half of the income from the residue of his property to his wife. The ultimate residue of his estate and effects he leaves as to three eighths each to his sons Walter Herbert Noel and John St. John, and two eighths to his said daughter.

The will (dated May 30, 1900), with a codicil (dated Dec. 10, 1902), of Mr. Walter Bassano, J.P., of Haden Cross, Old Hill, Staffordshire, who died on Feb. 5, was proved on April 23 by Alfred Hill Bassano and Charles Walter Bassano, the sons, and Thomas Cooksey, the executors, the value of the estate being £50,813. Subject to a legacy of £100 to his housekeeper, Margaret Louise Harrington Smith, the testator leaves all his estate between his children, Alfred Hill, Charles Walter, Anne Eliza Cooksey, Mary Emmeline Stevens, Francis, and Harold Frederic.

The will (dated April 20, 1898) of Mr. Joseph Montague Livesey, of Stourton Hall, Lincolnshire, and Wyham House, Dover, who died on June 14 last, was

proved on April 28 by Miss Lucy Weightman Enderly, the sole executrix, the value of the estate amounting to £49,766. The testator leaves all his property to Miss Enderly absolutely.

The will (dated Jan. 31, 1900) of the Rev. William Edward Dickson Carter, Hon. Canon of Christ Church and Rector of Sarsden, Oxford, who died on Feb. 23, was proved on April 25 by Mrs. Ellen Carter, the widow, the value of the real and personal estate being £47,024. The testator bequeaths £50 each to his cousins Lothian George Bonham Carter and Walter Henry Bonham Carter; and the residue of his personal property to his wife. He devises certain farms and lands in the Isle of Wight and a rent charge of £244 to his son the Rev. William Collingwood Carter; and a piece of land at Godshill, Isle of Wight, to Mrs. Carter. All other his real estate he leaves, in trust, for his wife for life, and then as to two tenths, in trust, for each of his daughters Gertrude Henrietta and Agatha Jane; one tenth each, in trust, for his daughters Ellen Elizabeth York, Agnes Mary Soames, Edith Harriet Christian, and Augusta Laura Carter; and two tenths, in trust, for his daughter-in-law Ethel Carter, widow of his son Archibald Thomas Carter.

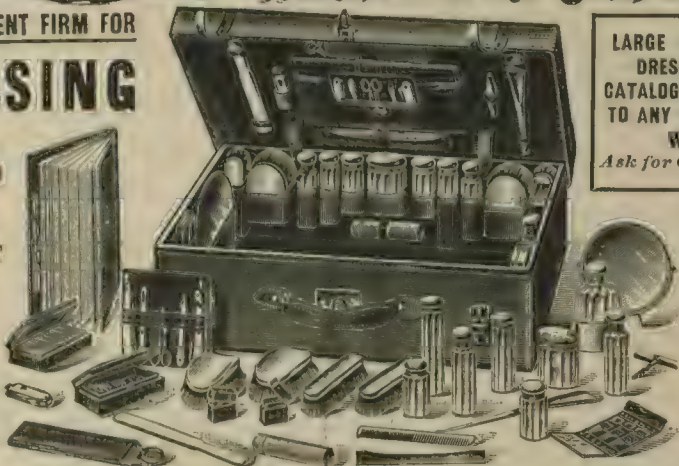
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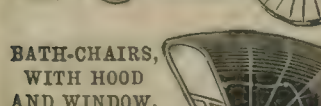
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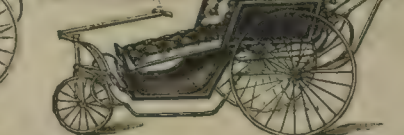
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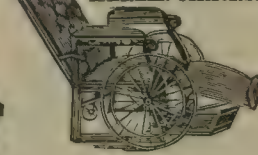
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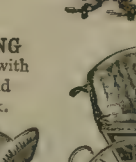
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That e'en the office boy was
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So out of sorts, was also cross.
Now sunshine fills the force
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of London has adopted the suggestion of a correspondent in the *Times* by appointing the Bishop of Kensington to the Vicarage of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. This central parish will provide a better nucleus for the episcopal work of West London than St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate. The St. Botolph's income is about £2000; that of St. Martin's £600 less. The population of the Bishopsgate parish is only one thousand, while that of St. Martin's is more than ten thousand.

Cardinal Vaughan's health still occasions the greatest anxiety, and he is entirely laid aside from active work. He has been spending the spring months at Mill Hill, where there are large Roman Catholic communities.

The Bishop of Coventry has been warmly advocating the scheme for a Birmingham bishopric. In a recent sermon he pointed out that the Worcester diocese was fifth among the dioceses of England in the matter of population, but it was twelfth in the number of its clergy. The cost of founding the bishopric will be £100,000,

besides the house. Dr. Knox remarked that some people had suggested that the bishopric would accentuate any hostility or bitterness between Church people and Nonconformists. No such effect had been found at Liverpool and Newcastle. Why should it be found at Birmingham? He believed it would rather excite Nonconformists and Churchmen to a holy rivalry to do their best for this great city.

The meetings of the Baptist Union were crowded and enthusiastic; a larger number of delegates have been present than ever before. The speech of the president, Mr. George White, M.P., attracted so much admiration that it will be circulated throughout the churches. Dr. Clifford was received at every meeting with unbounded enthusiasm. Mr. White's successor as president will be the Rev. J. Wilson, of Woolwich, one of the most successful Baptist ministers of London.

Dr. Joscelyne, Vicar of St. George's, Millom, Cumberland, who has accepted the vicarage of St. Peter's, Islington, will not come as a stranger to London. For five years he was curate at St. George's-in-the-East

under the present Bishop of Islington. Dr. Joscelyne is a successful missionary, and is also a well-known speaker at conferences of the clergy.

The Theological College, recently opened by the Bishop of Wakefield at Hall Croft, Mirfield, the residence of the Brethren of the Community of the Resurrection, is intended for the training of candidates for holy orders who have a vocation but no money. The Bishop commented on the need of such a college. He said that whereas originally about 750 men were ordained to the ministry every year, the numbers were now only about 550. The students at Hall Croft would have a five years' training, and the sum of £250 or £300 would be found sufficient to train one single clergyman. That was at least one-third less than it usually cost to equip an ordinary clergyman.

Bishop Gore preached a striking sermon on "Shakespeare," at the parish church, Stratford-on-Avon, on the second Sunday after Easter. Many members of the Shakespeare Club and visitors from all parts of the world were present. Dr. Gore remarked that, although Shakespeare

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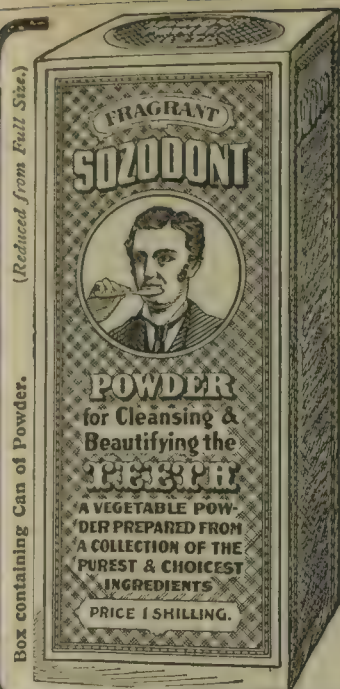
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was born almost at the same time as the Thirty-nine Articles, he exhibited not the slightest concern for the religious life of the Reformation period. The Bible was being again studied by all classes, but there was scarcely any influence of it discernible in the pages of Shakspeare; neither was his imagination impressed by the magnificent cathedrals or by the elaborate ritual of the Roman Catholic Church.

It is intended to repair the old parish church of St. George, Esher, which has fallen somewhat into decay. It was here that Queen Victoria frequently worshipped before her marriage, and the royal family have always taken much interest in its welfare. The church is very old, and the floor and other portions have become rotten. It is now closed for public worship.

Modern church-goers have often no idea of the history of the places of worship which they attend. No efforts are made by some of the clergy to recall associations, however worthy. In this respect, All Saints', Margaret Street, sets a good example, and a

valuable addition has just been made to the collection of pictures in the corridor. A lady has presented two original drawings, one showing the interior of the Old Margaret Chapel before it was pulled down in 1850 to make room for the church, and the other an interior view of the chapel in Great Titchfield Street, which served the congregation of Margaret Chapel from 1850 until All Saints' Church was consecrated in 1859.—V.

We understand that as Mr. Arthur D. Elliot has accepted the Financial Secretaryship to the Treasury, an assistant editor of the *Edinburgh Review* has been appointed, and so long as Mr. Elliot retains this appointment in the Government, all current editorial business will be entirely in his hands. Mr. Elliott, however, has no intention of completely severing his connection with the *Review*, and will continue to supervise its general management.

In connection with the Printers' Pension Corporation, whose anniversary festival is held in June, a special

matinée performance will take place at the Garrick Theatre, Charing Cross Road, W.C., kindly lent by Mr. Arthur Bouchier, on Tuesday, June 9, the proceeds of which will go to the funds of this excellent charity, which is noted for its economical management and beneficent work in aiding the less fortunate in the printing trades. Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) has graciously consented to become a patroness.

July 21 marks the five-hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Shrewsbury, and it has been decided to celebrate the event in the town of Shrewsbury during the week commencing July 19. The organisation committee have resolved to invite subscriptions of not less than one guinea, in return for which a liberal allowance of privileges will be given in the shape of tickets for the different events of the celebration. Cheques may be forwarded to the Mayor.

By an unfortunate error in our issue of last week the statue of Augustus in the Naples Museum was described as that of Julius Caesar.

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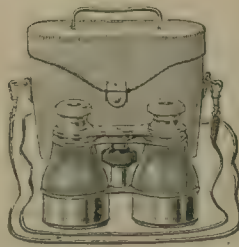
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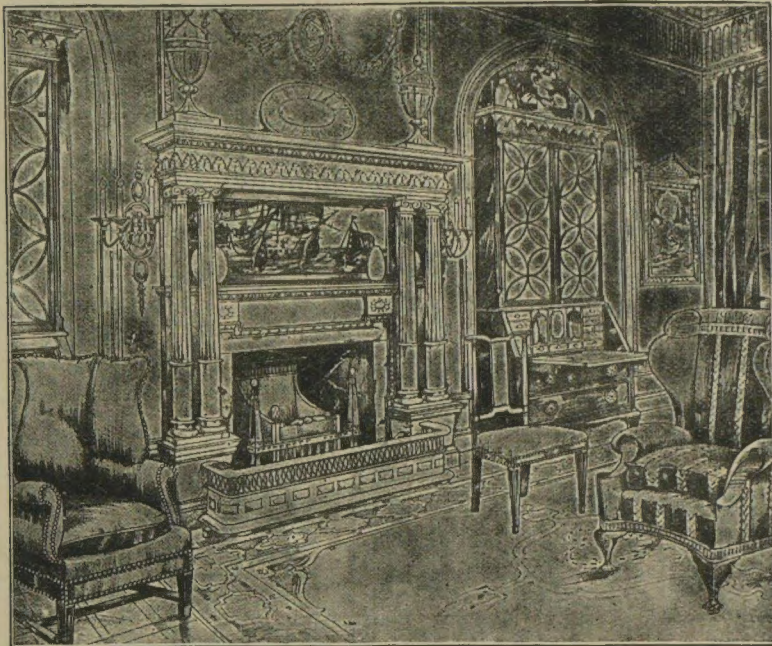
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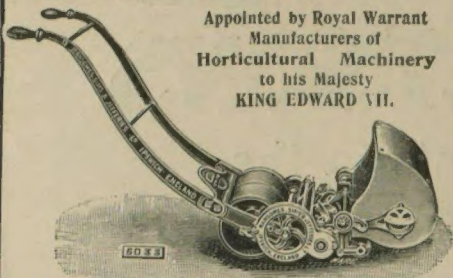
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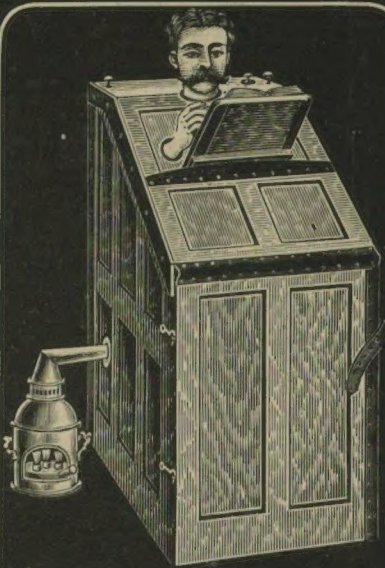
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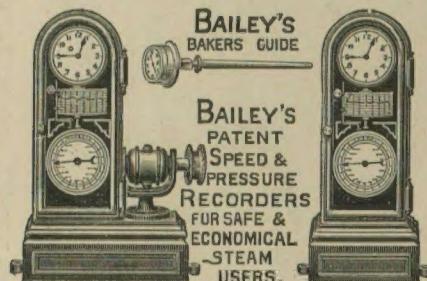
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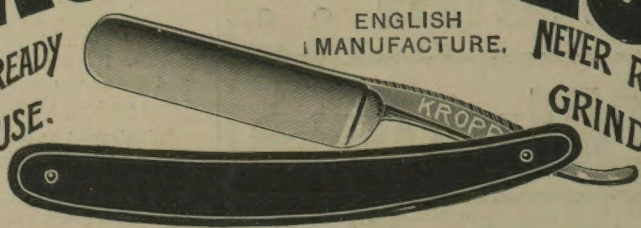
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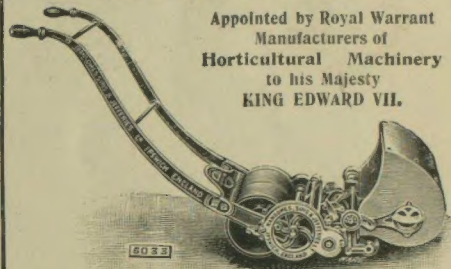
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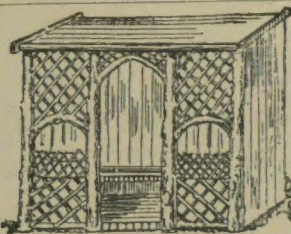
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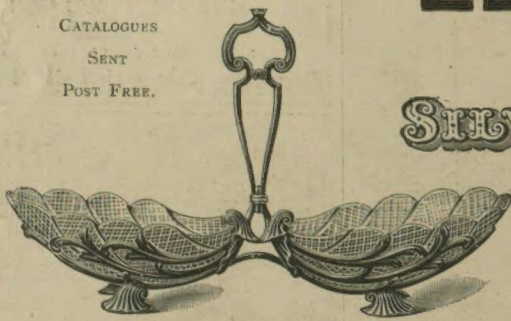
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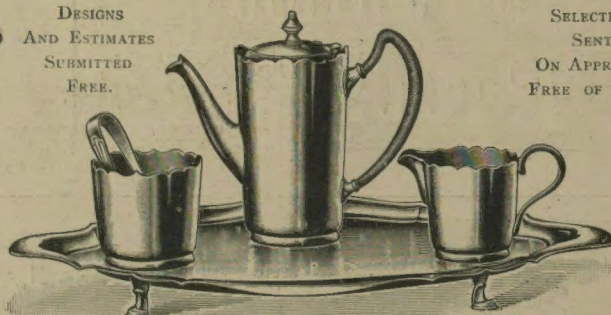
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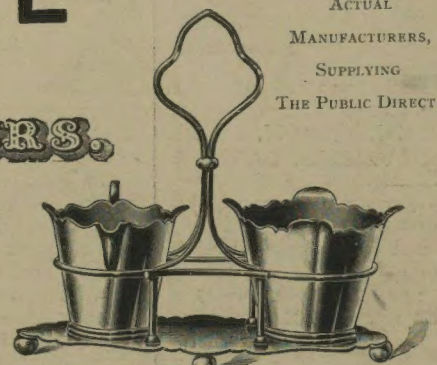
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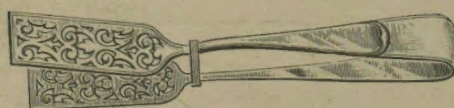
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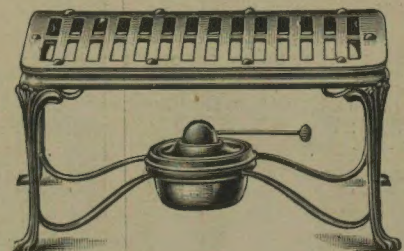
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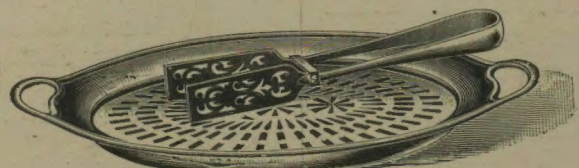
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